

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## ON AN INVALID.

Lo, as the poet finds at will  
Than tenderest words a tenderer still  
For one beside him prest ;  
So from the Lord a mercy flows,  
A sweeter balm from Sharon's rose,  
For her that loves him best.

And ere the early throbbles stir  
With some sweet word from God for her  
The morn returns anew ;  
For her his face in the east is fair,  
For her his breath is in the air,  
His rainbow in the dew.

At such an hour the promise falls  
With glory on the narrow walls,  
With strength on failing breath ;  
There comes a courage in her eyes,  
It gathers for the great emprise,  
The deeds of after death.

Albeit thro' this prelude woe  
Subdued and softly she must go  
With half her music dumb,  
What heavenly hopes to her belong,  
And what a rapture, what a song,  
Shall greet his kingdom come !

So climbers by some Alpine mere  
Walk very softly thro' the clear  
Unlitten dawn of day :  
The morning star before them shows  
Beyond the rocks, beyond the snows,  
Their never-travelled way.

Or so, ere singers have begun,  
The master organist has won  
The folk at eve to prayer :  
So soft the tune, it only seems  
The music of an angel's dreams  
Made audible in air.

But when the mounting treble shakes,  
When with a noise the anthem wakes  
A song forgetting sin, —  
Thro' all her pipes the organ peals,  
With all her voice at last reveals  
The storm of praise within.

The trump ! the trump ! how pure and high !  
How clear the fairy flutes reply !  
How bold the clarions blow !  
Nor God himself has scorned the strain,  
But hears it and shall hear again,  
And heard it long ago.

F. W. H. MYERS.

## NOVEMBER.

SCARCE one brief sun-ray gilds the sombre  
gloom  
That veils the mountains ; the bright summer  
blue

Is but a memory ; and gray and dun  
The cheerless landscape, wrapped in watery  
mist,  
Foretells the advent of grim Winter's reign !

Fast wanes the autumn ! Thick the shower-  
ing leaves  
Whirl brown and russet o'er the wind-swept  
path  
In eddying circles ; and the fitful gusts  
Bend to their will, with a fierce wrathful wail,  
The gaunt black fir-tops ; all the heather-lands,  
Their purple glories gone, lie sere and bare,  
Scarce yielding scanty shelter in their range  
To the crouched shivering grouse-troop.

Here and there,  
A lingering daisy stars the homestead field  
With speck of white ; and in the garden-beds,  
In bright array of crimson and of gold,  
Gleam the chrysanthemums : all else shows  
drear,  
And gray, and colorless.

But soon shall fall,  
On all around, the pure and spotless snow,  
To shroud the buried beauties Nature wraps  
Deep in their winter sleep, till Spring again,  
With her bright train of buds and blossoms  
fair,  
Green opening leaves, and choir of tuneful  
birds,  
Warm, sunny days, balm-scented, dewy nights,  
Shall smiling come, and with her magic touch  
Make glad with life and beauty all the earth !  
Chambers' Journal. A. H. B.

## THE DIRGE OF THE LEAVES.

DEAD or dying,  
Our funeral song the winds are sighing !  
Dying or dead,  
The rain-sodden earth is our chilly bed !  
When summer days were long,  
The warm air quivered and thrilled with  
song ;  
In full green life we waved to the wind,  
Now withered and red we are left behind.  
All dying or dead,  
Our farewell is said,  
And we flutter to earth and rot into mould,  
Or pave the dark glades with fretwork of gold.  
Our death is but change ;  
Through paths new and strange,  
The force that is in us works on to its goal :  
For in us, as in all things, moveth a soul  
Which dies not, but lives,  
And ceaselessly gives  
The life-breath of being to that which was  
dead,  
Till the violet springs where the leaves were  
shed.

Chambers' Journal.

J. H. M.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
SUPERSTITION IN ARCADY.

THE hero in Mr. Tennyson's "Princess" tells us that he suffered all his life from an inconvenient hereditary weakness:—

Waking dreams were, more or less,  
An old and strange affection of the house.

The infirmity was a serious one, and at a critical moment of the young prince's career it entailed upon him consequences which might almost be described as humiliating. In the shock of the conflict where all was at stake,

Like a flash the weird affection came;  
King, camp, and college turned to hollow shows.

He seemed to move in old memorial tilts  
And, doing battle with forgotten hosts,  
To dream himself the shadow of a dream.

Whether the laureate be describing phenomena known to him by his own experience I cannot tell, but I myself am only too familiar with the "weird affection" indicated. As I wander in my solitary rambles past the old haunts of men, long since deserted of inhabitants, and stop to follow the traces of some "moated grange" or camp or byre, I find myself raising up the dead from their graves, and passing them through their paces in wild dance or solemn pageantry. I often think that one of the joys of the life hereafter will consist in being permitted to project oneself at will into remote periods in the *past*, and to hold converse with primeval man at one time, or with Roman or Saxon or Dane at another, and for a while to take part in the life of bygone ages. What a curious joy it would be, for instance, to hob-a-nob for a season with the pigmies of the meiocene, listening to the clicks of human creatures like unto "barnacles or apes," with pendulous breasts and "foreheads villanous low," and watch them capering multitudinous round some mastodon in difficulties, or tickling a deinotherium with a fishbone arrow, or jobbing at the eyes of some mammoth floundering in a hole, and viciously hacking at him with hatchets of the palæolithic type, or implements whose manipulation we have lost the trick of!

I shock my grave and orthodox friends sometimes when I timidly suggest that it may be part of our bliss in the infinite future to dwell upon the infinite past. They will not have it so, and they silently condemn me of heresy and other sins. I, however, am wont to shelter myself under the broad shield of Dr. Donne, and to say with him:—

There is nothing to convince a man of error, nothing in nature, nothing in Scripture, if he believe that he shall know those persons in Heaven whom he knew [or whom any one else knew] upon earth. If he conceive soberly that it were a less degree of blessedness not to know them than to know them, he is bound to believe that he shall know them, for *he is bound to believe that all that conduces to blessedness shall be given him.*

Be this as it may, I find it quite impossible to resist the strong yearning, that comes upon me now and then, to speculate upon the habits of life and looks and words and thoughts and quarrels and loves of the dwellers in Arcadia, whose names and memories have quite passed away. There are moments when the desire to question and cross-question the vanished dead becomes a passionate longing, and this life seems to me to be as prolix as an hour's sermon, while it keeps me from looking, not into the future, but into the past. *What did he believe*, this fellow who fashioned the rude *celt* I kick against in my walks? That is to me my "burning question," and it comes up again and again as I stand by mighty monoliths, or climb the Devil's Dyke, or prow by the gaunt ruins of abbey or shrine, or finger some coin of a deified emperor—some coin which has been worn by the fingers of Roman legionary, and been tossed for a drink, or been pitched to a half-starved Briton in payment for "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese." What did they believe? I ask—each and every of them? How dumb or reticent they all are!

Did men *ever* know what they believed? Do they now? At what period of our development is it supposed by Mr. Tyler and the anthropologists that the religious sentiment exhibits itself? What are the conditions favorable for its growth? In what tribes, peoples, and languages is it

to be met with only in the embryonic stage? When is it nascent? When full-grown? What accelerates its decline? When I ply the Philistines with these questions, I am always met with another: What is religious sentiment? And to that other I am content to answer: "Hearken, ye Philistines! Ye are they who live in the atmosphere of logic. That is the air ye breathe, and out of it ye perish; but beyond the limits of that element, and compassing it about with divine embracings, there is a subtler ether than ye can apprehend, and to that loftier region ye have no power to rise. But there are who dwell not in Gath and know not Dagon—who cannot breathe in air that suffices for you, and who could not conceive of life passed in the region where your limited needs are all supplied. These are not as you are, mere calculating machines. They are like the electric needle, that knows no perfect equilibrium; subject to storms of what men call enthusiasm, or something worse; quivering with inexplicable palpitations of throbbing emotion; agonized by aspirations after some unattainable ideal, or unutterable cravings for absorption into the infinite; able to reason with Philistia's shrewdest or to try a fall with Goliath of Gath, but stretching lame hands of faith into the realm ye know not of, and the ether that is beyond your ken. What! Shall we strive to tell the blind man of things blazing in purple and gold?"

I am inclined to believe that among the dwellers in towns sentiment is being slowly crowded out. The townsman's training and associations are very hardening. He has none of the softening memories of home which we in Arcadia still cherish. His life has no real repose, no solitude, no freshness. His religious emotions are rarely appealed to, and, as Miss Cobbe warned us all long ago, his moral education is dangerously neglected. Of course he is shrewder and much more quick-witted than we in Arcady, but he pays dearly for what he has gained. I fear it must be allowed that the masses in the towns are, as a rule, destitute of faith in the unseen. In the great hives of in-

dustry which have come into existence during the present century I am told that the men never seem to care about the *past*, and treat with derision any appeal to the lessons of experience. History to them is hardly so much as a name. They have nothing before their eyes but the factory with its ceaseless roar of wheels, the furnace, and the mine. These tell them nothing; they testify only of material power—pitiless, heartless, inhuman—a power that goes on its way recking as little of the sorrows or joys or lives of toiling men and women, as of the raw material that it is forever turning into the manufactured article and belching forth to be exposed for sale in the markets of the world. Even when much is attempted, and conscientiously attempted, for the operative, the thing done is but little, and philanthropy itself seems to work in the same groove as the mighty engines that are his gods. You offer your "hands" technical education; you try and give them tastes; you train the eye and hand in a school of design; you hardly attempt anything more. As for any appeal to his patriotism or loyalty, a man would be looked upon as a visionary to make one. "The glories of our blood and state," he has got to regard as shadows, *not* substantial things. Why should he care to know anything of those ages that knew nothing? To him the past is

only a scene

Of degradation, imbecility,  
The record of disgraces best forgotten;  
A sullen page in human chronicles  
Fit to erase.

How *can* he have any curiosity about the future and his own destiny when his imagination is effectually stunted, and is becoming more and more relegated to the class of undeveloped faculties that shrivel for want of using?

In the towns which still contain some ancient monuments, and can boast of a long antiquity, there may yet be found among the working classes some reverence for the old things, and not unfrequently some inclination for antiquarian research. I have met with many instances of this, and I think I have never known



it to exist without some development of the religious sentiment. In modern art there is an all-pervading paganism that seems to make its votaries cynical and selfish. It is curious to notice the kind of criticism indulged in by mechanics whom one meets at the exhibitions of modern pictures at Liverpool and elsewhere. There is no *love* in it. The men are forever on the alert to find out something wrong, to detect faults, and no more. It is as if the artist and the working man were occupying the old position of wranglers in the school, the one maintaining a thesis which it was the other's business to disprove. *Nego minorem* seems to be forever on the point of being uttered by the one, whatever the other may assert. But when people, even of small culture, show any taste for the creations of mediæval art, they seem to be softened and humbled by it; when they begin to realize that living men have toiled and struggled and thought and wept and prayed, and suffered for righteousness' sake, *here in this very spot*, and have left the mark of themselves behind them, the next step—and it is an easy one—is to believe that these men are living still, and that they will continue to live on. I used to know a young printer at Norwich who was only kept from being an enthusiastic archaeologist by the necessity of having to earn his livelihood, and who, as it was, spent his leisure hours for years in visiting the churches for miles round, and copying inscriptions and getting together a queer collection of odds and ends with the stamp of antiquity upon them. Another working man I used to meet now and then who haunted the cathedral, and whenever he saw a visitor who appeared to know what he was about, he would quietly follow him and timidly ask for information. He acquired a large number of odd pieces of information in this way, which surprised one all the more when they were shyly produced from the lumber-room of a mind by no means well trained or well stored. "I don't mind so much being wrong sometimes," he said to me one day, "at least not before you, sir, because you know I do *so love* this place. Don't you think, sir, it must have been

inspired? Look up there, sir, please. There's an image" [he frequently used the word]; "I'm sure it's like somebody that used to be here once. I think it must have been one of the Cellarers, sir. I feel as if he were looking at me sometimes. Can I find out the names of the Cellarers, sir?" There was no earthly reason why the ugly piece of Norman sculpture he pointed to should be supposed to be like anybody except Pan or Silenus; but poor W. had heard some one casually speak of the Cellarer as an officer of the monastery, and he had brooded over the subject and begun to *construct* Cellarers and to commune with them.

As a rule, however, the mechanic of the towns is a Sadducee. He saw every house in his street built from basement to roof. *There* there are no old closets, dim passages, and cranky holes and corners; no gruesome sounds disturb his sleep; the owls never hoot near his windows, nor crickets turn out to look at him, chirrup and vanish. He does not know what the death-watch means. The long darkness of the winter night is illumined by the gas-lamp, or it may be by the electric light, that dispels all secrecy, all mystery. Policeman X. tramps by on his beat outside, and on this side or on that of the crazy brick partition which serves as party wall, his neighbors' snores trumpet loud and deep with hideous monotony. How different are the conditions of Arcadian life! When a man has to walk two or three miles from his work, "in the hush of the moonless night," weary, wet, and hungry, through lonely by-paths, across ridge-way plantations, furze brakes, and short cuts, where he is liable to be warned off as a trespasser any day, it would be strange indeed if he did not meet with *scares* as the years go by. If his imagination be never so dull, the old traditions, handed down from ages past it may be, come in to help him. He thinks it would be impious to doubt that disembodied spirits still hover about the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage. Sometimes he tells you he *gnaws they du*, but if you press him he looks nervous and holds his peace, trembling to tell of the untellable.

Sometimes he assures you that "there's lots on 'em has seen old Grobey," and you are assured that old Grobey used to *walk*. Of course everybody knows that it's an awful thing for a dead man to *walk*. "Blessee, I shouldn't like to walk, I shouldn't, same as him as used to be in the coach-road."

The coach-road is a narrow old road where two carts can hardly pass one another, with high banks and sharp turns, and it is haunted. There is a spectral coach that is said to frequent this appalling lane. Who the restless spirit may be none can tell, or how long he has been travelling about in his weird conveyance; but that he has been long a wanderer in his coach, which ever and anon appears among us, none would be so perverse as to question. Indeed the phantom coach travels far and wide through Norfolk, and stops at people's houses in the dead of the night. An unseen hand lets down the steps, the horses champ their bits and snort, the carriage door is slammed, and the thing moves off; but when people prepare to let in the unexpected visitor with kindly welcome—lo! there is nothing. The coach has gone! There are a dozen living men who most positively affirm that they have had a visit from the coach. On one occasion my informant, who lived in a lonely old farmhouse, saw the flash of the coach-lamps and heard the champing of the bits. He opened his bedroom window and called out, but, receiving no answer, he went down to the front door. The night was calm and still; the stars were shining; but there was neither voice nor any that answered, nor any that regarded.

No particular harm seems to come to such as receive these nocturnal visits, but it is the prevalent belief that the occupant of the coach is condemned to *walk* like the wandering Jew. Presumably he would prefer to *ride* on in his chariot undisturbed. But no. He is turned out to pace the earth, which peradventure he has polluted with some ghastly crime, and walk he must till the coach comes to pick him up at some appointed spot. Then it is thought he has another term of "vehicular traffic."

A coachy Sisyphus, condemned to everlasting alternations of being dropped and picked up again by an infernal chariot with snorting horses and flashing lamps, must have a very, very hard time of it.

This dreadful equipage seems to have some connection with an old house, the traces of which were obliterated when the

railway invaded us. It is a curious feature of the story that the highroad along which the mail used to travel in the good old times passes at some distance from the haunted way which was certainly called the coach-road some generations back, and I have a suspicion that the fact of no phantom having been seen of late on the coach-road itself—though they tell me it has been seen by "scores on 'em" elsewhere—may be accounted for; it is a matter of history that, some thirty years ago, the present Lord Dudley drove a carriage and four along the coach-road, and, to the amazement and perplexity of mankind, did *not* perish in the attempt. Since then the ghostly Automedon, shamed at being so manifestly outdone, has retired from this part of the scene of his former charioteering.

People who have lived all their lives in the streets have very little notion of the length of time that an agricultural laborer spends in complete solitude, or of the effect which this isolation produces upon him. The horse-keeper and yard-man are never alone; the animals are always about them, and acquire a friendly confidence in their keepers amounting in some cases almost to personal affection. But the ordinary laborer, on a job of hedging or ditching, will be whole days without exchanging a word with a fellow-creature. If he live at some distance from his work, he carries his dinner with him in the morning, and when he thinks the time has come for his meal he slowly consumes it in the corner of a field, chewing the cud of meditation when he has no more victuals to employ himself upon. Once a day, perhaps, the farmer comes round to inspect him, and as often as not says nothing, for as a class farmers are not given to talk much with their laborers nowadays; the relations between them have become sadly "strained," and the old cordiality is in many districts deplorably on the wane. If you are trudging along in the drizzle or the shower during the late autumn, you are pretty sure to come upon a lonely laborer who has knocked off a bit, driven from his task by the rain. You find him meekly huddling under the shelter of a bank or bush, and doing nothing, nothing, nothing. The hours roll on, and the light gets less and less, and at last he shambles homewards. What has he been thinking about all the time? . . .

I remember being much struck while reading the experience of an educated gentleman who had passed a year or two

in Australia, had had bad luck, and been reduced to keep sheep in outlying stations far away from human habitations. He said that the best shepherds in the interior, the men who had been years roaming about the vast solitudes, were always more or less mad; and on those rare occasions when a traveller crossed their paths they seemed to be in doubt whether he were a reality or only a creation of their own brains. We are a long way as yet from this stage in Arcadia, but it would not be difficult to find instances of this tendency to people the solitudes with phantoms, and give them form and substance. The teaching of the country meeting-houses and of the camp-meetings gives a powerful stimulus to it, and indeed greatly intensifies the peasant's absorbing faith in the unseen world.

Of all the mistakes that country clergymen make — and we are none of us infallible, "not even the youngest" — the greatest appears to me to be the mistake of obstinately refusing to know anything about the inner life and religious practices of the sectaries at their own doors. I do not believe there is one clergyman in a thousand who has ever attended a camp-meeting or been present at a "conventicle" in his life. Sure I am that the immense majority of my clerical brethren know no more about the teaching and practice which they denounce than they do about the rites of Cybele. And yet I am most firmly persuaded that it is impossible for us to understand the agricultural laborers, unless we set ourselves humbly and earnestly to study the phenomena of their religious life and worship — *theirs*, I say, for, unhappily, it is not ours.

Of course if a man entrenches himself behind the assumption that there is no good outside the four walls of his parish church, and that extravagance, grotesqueness, communism, and immorality are the inevitable outcome of every gathering at which the laborers are allowed to have their say without a parson to keep them in order, it is waste time to try and convince him to the contrary; you can never get behind a man's axioms, however foolish they may be. But if we want to know how things are really going on with those who "don't hold" with us, as they say, we must come down from our lofty self-complacency and make up our minds to feel extremely uncomfortable at times, while stooping to learn of those whom we would prefer to teach. "Listeners hear no good of themselves," was the old saw, and I fear we shall find it true enough if

we drop in at the roadside chapels or find our way into the camp-meeting. We may hear broad hints directed against ourselves — find our sense of the fitness of things shocked by bitter words and insinuations, cruel and undeserved; we may be outraged by indelicacy and utterances bordering on the profane; sometimes, too, we shall be brought into very awkward positions, from which it will be hard to escape with dignity or even without humiliation; but all this is not the rule. As a rule, we shall be welcome, and heartily welcome; and if we can stoop to learn of others, we shall find that there are those outside the pale of the Church who have something to teach us.

I love my own way as much as most men do; I am of opinion that whoever differs from me must be wrong. I believe that the fellow who denounces me as a hireling, a false prophet, a dumb dog, or a snake in the grass, must necessarily be an ill-conditioned fanatic; and that they who turn aside to attend a ranters' love-feast when I am preaching one of my very best sermons must be wrong in the head, and perhaps, too, wrong in the heart. But I cannot shut my eyes to some facts which are painfully patent, and which it is vain to attempt to keep out of sight of others who are no more blind than I am.

Explain it how we will, and draw our inferences as we choose, there is no denying it that in hundreds of parishes in England the stuffy little chapel by the wayside has been the only place where for many a long day the very existence of religious emotion has been recognized; the only place in which the yearnings of the soul and its strong cryings and tears have been allowed to express themselves in the language of the moment unfettered by rigid forms; the only place where the agonized conscience has been encouraged and invited to rid itself of its sore burden by confession, and comforted by at least the semblance of sympathy; the only place where the peasantry have enjoyed the free expression of their opinions, and where, under an organization elaborated with extraordinary sagacity, they have kept up a school of music, literature, and politics, self-supporting and unaided by dole or subsidy — above all, a school of eloquence, in which the lowliest has become familiarized with the ordinary rules of debate, and has been trained to express himself with directness, vigor, and fluency. What the Society of Jesus was among the more cultured classes in the sixteenth century, what the Friars were to the

masses in the towns during the thirteenth, that the Primitive Methodists are in a fair way of becoming among the laboring classes in East Anglia in our own time; what they may develop into in the sequel is another question with which I am not immediately concerned.

Nothing can be said to be more distinctive of the teaching of the Meetingers in Arcadia than their continual appeal to the spiritual experiences of their members. These are often striking and suggestive. The general impression left upon me is that the speakers tell their stories in good faith, never doubting the reality of the sights and sounds they make so much of. Naturally one story leads to another, and it is inevitable that there should be occasionally some imposture, some fabrication, and now and then it may be downright lying; but it is impossible to entertain any suspicion of the deep sincerity of many who detail their experiences. "Three times I've felt it; twice I've seen it," said one speaker, his voice dropping low in awe and amazement, the pupils of his eyes dilated as though some dread vision were present before him; "I can't tell what it was, I can't tell how it was. There was a light as blazed, and I tell you I saw it, as sure as I'm a living man; and I know'd it was the Lord, and I've felt it since, I have, I know I have. Talk to me of not believing as I'm saved—you might as well try and prove to me as this ain't a cart, and I ain't a-standing in it!"

Among some of the Meetingers\* there is not only a firm belief in the direct personal revelations I have alluded to, but almost as firm a faith in the interference of angels with the affairs of man. The demonology I was quite prepared for, the angelology has a little surprised me. At a camp meeting at Clitor last year one of the orators dwelt at some length upon the ministry of angels, warning us not to trust too much in them. "Don't you go a-leanin' on the angels; they've got quite enow to du to fight the devil for ye, and they *du it*. But if ye want grace, they ain't the ones to gi' it ye; they want it theyselves, or they'll fall again same as the biggest on 'em did long afore we was born!" There was a general cry of approval—

\* I find myself driven to use a word which I sincerely hope none of my readers will take offence at. It really is the common word in Arcadia for indicating those who attend the Nonconformist chapels. In East Anglia the immense majority of these are Primitive Methodists, or, as they usually call themselves, Primitive.

"Hallelujah! That's so! Bless the Lord!"

The Arcadian swain finds a great fascination in all these appeals to his imagination; the stories come back upon him and lift him out of himself. He speculates upon the wonders of the unseen world and its denizens. What were those sights and sounds which the more privileged of the elect have been blessed with? Will they ever come to him? Perhaps; who knows?

Not unfrequently the laborer sleeps in the daytime, and, much more frequently than is usually supposed, he dreams. Dreams play an important part in Arcadian experiences. "I'm a wonder to forget things now," said Joe Bickers to me the other day; "but, bless the Lord, I *dream all over the country*. Ah! that I du too. Why I think nothing o' goin' off fifty mile where I used to be when I was a buoy, and I see 'em all same as ever. *She* don't like it, she don't. Night afore last she wouldn't have it 'cause I was a laughing and singing right loud; so she woke me up, but I was off again, and I dreamt ever such a way off!" Under religious excitement this dreaming is pretty sure to take the form of visions of angels or evil spirits, and the waking vision or the nightmare becomes hopelessly confounded with what the dreamer has heard, felt, imagined, or remembered.

Then, too, a man or woman who can boast of an ecstasy becomes at once a personage. "To find the Lord" is to be lifted up to a distinctly higher level than that on which the outer barbarians stand:—

Adventante dea. Procul, O procul este profani,  
Conclamat vates.

Thus he who has a hankering to be admitted to the inner circle unconsciously surrenders himself to motives whose cumulative force he cannot estimate, and these act in accord with the subtler processes which religious sentiment awakens. Once "enlightened," a man is apt to give the reins to his fancy, and his experiences are not likely to get *less* picturesque as he goes on! Moreover, these experiences almost invariably revert to the solitary moments when none was nigh to hear or see or bear witness. "I was a long time before I found religion," said Giles Rozier to me, "and I don't know as ever I was worse tried than when once I thought I'd found the Lord, and hadn't!" I couldn't help smiling kindly, and his hon-

est face responded with a broad grin, for Giles loves a joke as well as any one. "I'll tell 'ee how 'twas: I was at work on that there farm, and I'd been *exercised* a matter o' six months or more, and I kinder seemed to hear the voices sayin' to me, 'Never you mind, Giles, you keep on; you must tarry, you must keep on a-tarrying!' And one day, at dinner time—I'd had my dinner, and I was sitting with my legs in a dry ditch—and somehow it came upon me as I was losing my chance like, and I went down to the bottom o' that ditch—it's been filled up these twenty years and more—and I was carried along in prayer, and I was all for looking upwards; and I heerd a rushling, and I looked down'ards again, and there stood a woman, and I never know'd what folks meant by their heart beating till that moment, for I thought all manner o' things! But I was soon brought up, for she began upon me right sharp: 'You young fool,' says she, 'ha' you got nothing better to du nor hollering out them prayers when you'd ought to be fying\* out your master's ditch? We don't want no such man as you, and you'd best be off, you had. You ain't no good for nothing, only preaching to the crows, you ain't. You'd du for that wi' your hollering!' So she went off, and told her husband when he came home, and I had to go."

It is, however, when we pass from the region of the beneficent and the benign to that where persons and powers, harmful and malignant, exercise their influence that we find the actual Manichæism, so widespread in Arcadia, most apparent. There is sometimes little faith in God, and less in the existence of blessed spirits who can help the sons of earth; but I never yet met, and I am not sure that I ever heard of man or woman in Arcadia who did not believe in the devil and his angels. At Crayton, a parish which, like many another in East Anglia, seems to have burst into fragments, and by the force of some strange explosion to have had its inhabitants driven out into half-a-dozen diminutive hamlets, all of them a mile or so from the church, a new vicar was appointed some five years ago; he was a good man, but emphatically a townsman, and one of those worthy persons who rarely spoke of God, though very frequently of "Providence." One of his earliest pastoral visits was a visit of condolence to a small farmer who had lost his wife and been left desolate and alone.

The good vicar spake such comfort as he could, and more than once insisted on the obvious truth that the ordering of "divine Providence" must not be murmured at, and that "Providence" must needs be submitted to with resignation. The sorrowing farmer listened patiently and silently for some minutes. At last he could refrain no longer, but he opened his mouth and spoke, saying, "That's right enef, that es! There ain't no use a gain-sayin' on it; but semhow that there *old Providence* hev been agin me all along, he hev! Whoi, last year he mos' spailt my taters, and the year afore that he kinder did for my tunnips, and now he's been and got hold o' my missus! But," he added, with a burst of heroic faith and devout assurance, "I reckon as there's *One ahev* as'll put a stopper on ha if 'a go too fur!" Ahriman had had his way too long, but Ormuzd would triumph in the end!

So universally prevalent is the belief in "old Providence" and his cruel machinations, that I have heard it positively affirmed that "there is not a parish in Norfolk without its wise woman." This is certainly an exaggeration, but it is beyond question that there are very few parishes in Arcadia where you could not find some one who has consulted the "wise woman" or the "cunning man." There are countless stories which may be collected by those who know how to set about it, which go to prove this; but the people are a great deal too wary to open out to "our own correspondent" if he should come down on a voyage of discovery. Idle curiosity they are quite shrewd enough to detect and to deal with in their own way. I was very much amused some time ago as I dropped into one of the cottages with a gentleman of the press, who, on the alert as usual, was for improving the occasion. Old Huggins became at once hard of hearing, crouched over the smouldering fire, looked the picture of abject poverty and more abject stupidity, and had grown twenty years older in five minutes. My voluble friend, who was present only on sufferance, gave the reins to his eloquence. "Never see such a gentleman," said Huggins to me next day, with a cunning twinkle of his eye. "He talkt that hard as the handle o' the door's been loose ever since! But, Lor! who was a going to understand him? twarn't likely!" "Made you deaf, Huggins, didn't he?" "Oh! ah!" said Huggins, and I think I saw his sides shaking.

\* East-Anglian for "cleansing."



No one in Arcadia could have given us so curious a collection of stories of witchcraft in these parts as our admirable Crichton, the late coroner for the duchy of Lancaster, who in his best days seemed to have a special gift for anything and everything that he put his hand to. His versatility, his cultivated tastes, his perfect simplicity and uprightness of character, and his remarkable conversational powers, procured for him a joyous welcome wherever his pleasant voice was heard, and made him the depositary of many a strange secret which will die with him. In the days that are coming, Arcadia will never be able to keep within her borders such a man of genius as Mr. Charles Wright, of Dereham. The horrible attraction of London and the other great centres of population, which tend to absorb into their mass all the men of talent and force whom the country towns may happen to train, will be quite too potent in the future to allow anything but mediocrity to survive among us, and in another generation or two, people who hear of the Arcadia of *their* grandfathers will smile a smile of bland incredulity at the notion of a country lawyer ever having been a refined and accomplished gentleman, or a country parson a man of learning and a scholar.

From the inexhaustible reminiscences of Mr. Wright I may be permitted to give one story, which I shall take the liberty of relating as though he were the spokesman, though I am doing him a grave injustice by substituting for his style and manner my own feeble reproduction.

"In the summer of 18— I was summoned to inquire into the death of an old woman who had been found dead in her bed at Crayford. There was no suspicion of any unfair play, but the requirements of the law had to be complied with, and I summoned a jury as a matter of course. Proceeding to inspect the body as usual, I turned down the sheet that covered the face, and noticed a thin cord tied round the dead woman's neck. 'What's this?' I asked, somewhat startled. The husband of the deceased—a good specimen of the cool, phlegmatic Norfolk peasant—answered slowly, 'Them are her charms!' My expression of mingled indignation and disgust seemed to perplex the man; nor were the jurymen at all less surprised at what appeared to them to be wholly gratuitous displeasure. On making further inquiries, I elicited the following curious facts,

which may be better put in the language of the witness himself:—

"You see, sir, as my wife she were allus an aillin' woman, an' doctors' stuff did her no manner o' good, and she'd giv' it over; an' a year or two ago she says to me, 'Joe,' she says, 'you mun' go to a cunnin' man for me, him at Shawby as they du talk as surprisin'.' So I took a day an' I went, and I found him out, and I told him all about my old missus, and he never said a word till I'd done talkin', and then he didn't say much. But, says he, as though he know'd all about her, 'Oh, ah!' says he, 'she's got the gripes occasional and a sort of a numbness like! No! doctor's stuff won't touch that,' says he, and he turned away and he sate down, and, lawk, behind him there was a heap o' grit books, and he put on his glasses and he began to turn 'em over. I aint no scholar myself, but, bless ye! I could easy see they warn't like other books. And then he wrote the first o' them charms. He never giv' her no medicine, all the times as ever I went to him, only one of them charms, and it's surprising the deal o' good they done her, though you mayn't credit it. They allays seem'd to rewoive her like!' I found that the poor fellow had been to the 'cunnin' man' two or three days before his wife's death, and had paid him 3s. 6d. for a fresh charm, which he had been strictly ordered to put in the little bag with the others, and never to allow it to be taken out night or day. The virtue would depart, and awful results would ensue if the bag were ever removed. I asked him how much he had paid the cunning man, and he reckoned it up at about fifty-five shillings more or less, equal in those days to quite five weeks' wages. The poor fellow very earnestly protested that he didn't grudge the money—not he. 'Naw daywt but that there cunnin' man he kep her alive as long as 'a cewd; I ain't a-going to say as he didn't, I ain't findin' no fault with him, 'cause her time was come!'

"Having got all the information I could from the witness, I took a closer glance at the corpse. The cord was loosely tied round the poor woman's throat, and had evidently been there for years. Attached to it was a small canvas bag about two inches square, which may have been white once and which now was *not*. 'You surely are not going to let these things stay here,' I said, 'and allow her to be buried with such abominations round her neck?' The husband answered, 'Yes, that's what *he* thought about. You see,



she kinder wore 'em while she was alive, and we're a thinking as she shall wear 'em now she's dead. We ain't no call to run no risk by takin' on 'em off.' Without saying a word I took out my penknife, cut the cord, and held up the bag before the jury. A thrill of horror passed through them—there was not a man of them that was not evidently very uncomfortable.

"Listen to me, my man!" I said. "These things are no good to you, and they were no good to her that's lying there. It's an indecency that they should be laid with her in her coffin. I mean to take them away with me, and so make it safe that they shall not be put to any improper use hereafter. You are not fit to be trusted with them. As for Claypole, the cunning man, I shall have more to say to him by-and-by."

"That very evening I addressed a letter to Claypole requesting him to see me at my office on the earliest opportunity. The man was a blacksmith and small farmer, and had thriven so well that he had lately employed me to effect the purchase of an estate in the neighborhood, for which he paid the price without borrowing a shilling. I knew that I was about to lose a client and make an enemy, but it was not a case which allowed any room for hesitation. In a day or two he came. It was a curious interview; but the result was that I sent him off with my ultimatum. He should either return every farthing he had extorted from the old couple at Crayford before that day week, or take all consequences. He went to Crayford forthwith, paid back all he had received, and I heard no more of him.

"A few years after this I was playing a cricket-match—it does not matter where—when a young man addressed me by name whom I did not at all recognize, and told him so. He laughed, and in true Norfolk phrase said, 'Naw, tain't likely; but I gnaw you, Mr. Wrought!' He then explained that he had been apprenticed to Claypole when I had made him refund his ill-gotten gains. 'And Lor! sir, how you did scare that there man. He come back that day like a wild thing. He couldn't say nothing only "Aw, Jemmy! Aw, Jemmy! Aw, Jemmy! I'm done for, baw!" and he kept saying it over and over again; and then he began and tauld me what you'd said to him, and he went in and took his grit big books. There was lots on 'em—more nor two men could ha' carried; and he ses, "Jemmy, I'm a-goin' to bury 'em. Don't you never

ha' nothing to du with them sort o' things as long as you live. Do [if you do] you'll niver come to no good." I was that afeard I wouldn't touch 'em. I didn't know what mightn't come to me, and I says, "Mas'r," says I, "I ain't a-goin' to touch them sort o' things, not if it's ever so. I don't mind digging the hole, but I never heerd tell of them Zode Jacks doing no one no good." So he ups wi' his grit books, and we digged a hole big as a pit, that war, and he set 'em in right careful; and it's my belief they're there now!" It was the last I heard of Mr. Claypole; when and where I saw him last I am not going to tell!"

As for the bag of charms, I have had it in my hands; the charms were five in number, scraps of paper three inches square, scribbled over with rigmarole, texts of Scripture, and clumsy hieroglyphics remotely resembling signs of the "Zode Jack," upon them. Would any reader desire a photograph of the precious relic? Possibly even that may be had for money and fair words.

It is hard to say how much real faith in the spells and enchantments recommended may exist in the minds of the wise women and the cunning men who deal in them. In many instances the hierophants have inherited their wisdom and been bred up to the business, and in these cases, no doubt, there is almost as much delusion on one side as on the other. If some reputed witch has begun early to play upon the credulity of her *clîentele* she will be pretty sure to call in some child to help her in her mystic rites, and the effect of this upon the impressionable and imaginative in their nonage is sure to be great and lasting.

"We live and breathe deceiving and deceived," says Paracelsus, and the saying must be terribly true of many a Thestylis who has begun her career under some withered Simætha, herself at once a dupe and a deceiver.

Sally Court was a buxom widow who owned a freehold cottage, nearly two acres of land, and a mangle. She was a tempting prize for Mr. Margets to win if he chose—for Margets was a blacksmith, steady and well-to-do, and the freehold would just have suited him—but he was twenty-five and she was forty-two; there was the hitch. Nevertheless, Margets more than once or twice was observed to sneak down the lane after working hours, and it is undeniable that for a period of weeks, or even months, he had frequently and regularly

Called on the lady, and stopped for tea. After a while he waxed cool. Interest drew him one way, but love proved stronger, and it ended by Mr. Margets leading another lady to the altar, and one who was younger, not older, than her spouse. Widow Court brooded over her wrongs—they rankled in her bosom. She couldn't hold her peace. "He's a false blackguard!" she cried one day—for in her wrath she was not nice in her language—"and if an *ill wish* can hit him he shall have it. He shan't come to no good as I can do him!" Poor Margets had one child; but a little after he met with a serious accident; his right hand was caught in a machine and dreadfully mangled—he had to lose his arm. It preyed upon his mind, he got into a desponding condition, and ended by hanging himself. I am sorry to say Mrs. Court was jubilant, but her hate was not yet appeased nor her vengeance satisfied. She proclaimed that no child of poor Margets would come to any good, and she gloried in the boast that Margets had been "hit by an ill wish, and the wish" was hers. "Ay! and the brat's under it now, and it'll never be took off neither!" As ill luck would have it, a few months after this the poor child, in the absence of its mother, was playing with some sticks in the fire when its clothes caught alight, and it was so severely burned that it became shockingly disfigured and must continue to be so. Mrs. Court exhibited quite a fiendish joy, and went about loudly declaring that she'd serve any one else the same and worse that "came courting her on'y to fool her." Of course she had well earned her bad pre-eminence, and though suitors fought shy of her, yet it is said that in the dark hours men and women from all quarters came and knocked furtively at her door, and rumor said it was *not* for the loan of her mangle. The road ran just under her garden, and one day a young farmer riding by, and seeing an apple-tree loaded with fruit hanging over the hedge, he sidled his horse towards the fence and picked a rosy apple from the bough. He had scarcely secured it when the animal he rode reeled and dropped as if it had been shot. The young fellow was overwhelmed with terror; he had been thrown over the horse's head, but, getting up as best he could, he rushed into Widow Court's cottage, fell on his knees and begged for mercy, confessed his sins, and prayed that the judgment might stop there. "Oh, Missus Court, don't ye *hit* me no more. Ye may

ha' the saddle and bridle and welcome, but don't ye hit me, not for a apple!" "Get along wi' ye," said the old hag, for by this time she was old and miserly; "I don't *ride them things*! I shan't do you no harm. On'y don't ye meddle wi' my apples no more!"

The young man, when he got out into the road, found his horse, to his immense joy and greater surprise, standing quietly waiting for him. Nothing on earth will convince him that Widow Court did not first kill that horse and then raise it from the dead.

Sometimes the suspicion of being in league with the powers of evil entails very serious consequences upon the suspect.

In the days of more primitive husbandry than Arcadia knows of now it was a general practice to *marl* the land periodically, and for this purpose they used to excavate huge *pockets* as near as might be to the roadside. Every parish has many of these pits, which in the lapse of time have become deep ponds, some of them rather dangerous places to drive by in dark nights. One of these was the scene of perhaps the last *ordeal by water* which Arcadia knows of. At Paos dwelt an old woman whose name was Hubbard, and she lived on a small allowance made her by some benevolent person to whose father she had been housekeeper. She was a proud old dame, and "kep' herself to herself," as her neighbors said, for had she not seen better days? Once, to the indignation of all decent people in the parish, she appeared at church in a faded black silk gown and a poke bonnet. Think of that, ye women of Arcady! A rustling silk, and no mistake. Where had it come from? Ah! where? The inhabitants declared she would flaunt a feather next. It wasn't decent; it wasn't natural. And then that cat, too, that would follow her to the pump, and lie on her knee by the hour as she sat at her door knitting and never having a word to throw at a dog. "I never heerd her speak a word to no Christian not for years," said one. "I've heerd her grunt though, often enough, I have," said another. "Silk, did you say?" growled Jem Daws, as they seriously talked over the matter at their pots of beer. "What sort of a color o' silk now?" "Black," answered his brother, and knocked his mug upon the table. Then there was silence. "Ah! I reckon as she ain't zackly the old gal as *her mas'r* ud like to see in church. Fares as if it kind o' put me out, that du.

Black silk, eh! Black, and that there cat, tu, as had the mange and then come right again. Dash'd if I don't think she be a witch for all that!" Now, it so happened that sitting at the table of the alehouse were three brothers, Daws by name, who might have been very well-to-do, for they were extremely capable men, but they could not keep from the pot-house. My informant assured me that "they was what you may call a riotous lot in a general way, that is, when they was *in beer*; but when they was out of beer they was as harmless as doves. Who! if they saw a worm a-crawling in the path they'd get out o' his way, they would, indeed; but when they was in beer, lawk, they'd quarrel wi' the stones o' the street!" On this particular evening they had had just enough beer to make them noisy — they were in the bawling stage of beer — and, seized with a sudden whim, half fun half fury, and exasperated by the intense perplexity of the problem, "Could Mrs. Hubbard be a witch and go to church? and could she be anything else but a witch when she had a familiar spirit in the form of a cat, and appeared in a mystic sable silken gown that rustled, and which had appeared without any human intervention, and could not have dropped down from heaven?" the brothers sallied forth from the alehouse with shouts and valorous resolves, declaring loudly that they would soon see whether Mother Hubbard was a witch or not. Not a hundred yards from Mrs. Hubbard's cottage there yawned, close by a place where four roads met — an ugly pit, large and deep, thickly overgrown with sedge and rushes. The riotous brethren marched noisily to the poor woman's door and demanded entrance. Almost dead with fear she hastily got out of bed as she was and let in the band, piteously begging that they would spare her life, for she took them to be burglars who had come to rob her of her all. In a moment they took her up in their arms, half naked as she was — carried her off, spite of screams and entreaties, and actually, in the presence of half-a-dozen other people who by this time had gathered to see the sport, they threw her into the hole, where she would infallibly have been drowned but that some who were not so mad as the rest cried out that she was sinking to the bottom and must be saved. With some difficulty Mrs. Hubbard was extricated from her perilous position, and she survived that night some years. One of the actors in that extraordinary drama still lives, and *passes that*

*pit every day of his life*. I met him in the road some months ago, and I said slyly to him, "Peter, how many years is it since you *swum the witch*, eh?" He looked at me with his cunning old eyes, and a grin of overwhelming merriment wrinkled up his dirty old face with a million furrows, and displayed his single remaining fang. He would have denied all knowledge of the facts but that the irresistible drollery of the whole jolly farce was too much for his self-restraint — his sense of the ludicrous betrayed him. So he did the next best thing. "Oh, ah! I know what yer main. Oh, ah!" and he broke out into grunts of aged laughter. "Who, that warn't me. That war . . ." Never have I yet found an Arcadian who pleaded guilty to anything that was particularly *owdacious*, even though the recording angel had written it down in letters of flame for all the world to read, but never have I found the said Arcadian unable or unwilling to denounce somebody else!

It may be asked — and it is often and very anxiously asked — Are unhappy men and women quite defenceless against the ill-wishes and overlookings and other potent mischiefs of the cunning men and the wise women? Happily there are certain methods to which the prudent may resort when they have reason to suspect that they are under the spells of the grisly votaries of Satan. A writer in the *East Anglian* gives us the following prescription, believed to be one of incalculable efficacy in cases where a witch has cast upon you the infernal gleam of the evil eye: —

When you have good reason to believe that you have been bewitched, get a frying-pan, pull a hair out of your head, and lay it in the pan; cut one of your fingers, and let some of your blood fall on the hair. Then hold the pan over the fire until the blood begins to boil and bubble. You may then expect the witch to come and knock at your door three times, wanting to borrow something, and hoping to make you talk. But you must hold your peace. If you utter a word, you will be still more bewitched; if you refuse to speak, you will so *work upon the witch's blood* as to cause her death, and then you will be set free.

This may be the plan adopted in the writer's neighborhood, for he tells us he picked up his prescription in a cottage near Beccles; but in Arcadia we find our safeguard in methods far less complex and elaborate. I never heard of people in Arcadia being driven to the frying-pan business; ours is a process more rough

and ready, and it is implicitly relied on as infallible. Have you been bewitched? Then find out your witch and fall upon her and shed her blood!

Arcadia has many very excellent elementary schools, and over some of these preside some very intelligent and well-trained masters. Among the most efficient and best taught is Mr. Dobbie, of Ladon. Twenty years ago he was a lad more thoughtful and imaginative than most lads, and being fond of reading, he overdid it, as many studious lads are apt to do. He became lean and pale and nervous, and very much depressed. His friends were shocked at his altered appearance, which was to them inexplicable. First it was suspected, then it was whispered, soon it was proclaimed upon the housetops, that John Dobbie had been *overlooked*. The only question was, who had bewitched him! The neighbors shook their heads; his relations made inquiries, but for a while no likely Sagana was thought of. At last some one remembered that John Dobbie had rudely scoffed at a certain Sally Bacon, a miserable old crone in receipt of parish relief, who smoked tobacco out of a short pipe, and grew a beard. If it wasn't Sally, who could it be? Dobbie, though very much out of health, yet retained enough good feeling to hesitate in denouncing Sally. But when one of the villagers professed himself ready to be sworn on the book, that he had heard Dobbie in an outbreak of audacious ribaldry say that he'd have a pull at Sally Bacon's beard before he died, no rational man or woman could doubt that Sally had heard the horrid threat, and had visited it with the megrims and emaciation which the sickly Dobbie was suffering from. To do him justice, he declared "he'd never said no such thing!" and to this day he protests that he was incapable of so fearful an utterance. Be that as it may, Dobbie was worked upon; and never a day, and scarcely an hour, passed without his being reminded that there was only one thing for him to do: he must dip his hands in the blood of Sally! He shrunk from this with exceeding dread; the ceremony had the less attraction for him, inasmuch as he had himself begun to suspect what the true cause of his debility was, and had only been talked into a half-acquiescence in the received creed of the majority. But the pressure put upon him became irresistible, and one day he came upon the poor old woman as she was gathering sticks for her fire. Her arms were

bare, for the weather was warm, and she was not far from home. John Dobbie flew upon her in a phrenzy. He was ashamed to strike the tottering old bel-dame, but he *scratched her furiously* on the arms till the blood poured down them: and having done that he took to his heels, and fled homewards like a young antelope. From that hour he began to mend; gained in flesh rapidly, and he lives on to tell the tale not without shame and wonder.

This was some twenty years ago; but let not the enlightened public suppose that these things are things of the past. Less than five years ago Mr. Scroggins who, as far as I know, still cultivates some eighty or one hundred acres of land in Tegea, was brought before the magistrates at Megalopolis, and charged with an aggravated assault upon a poor woman, the wife of one of his own laborers. The man and woman were both very reluctant witnesses, but unfortunately it was a police case, and they could not help appearing. Scroggins had been caught, *flagrante delicto*, barbarously beating the woman with a hedge-stake, and had been actually dragged away by one of the county police, but not before he had *drawn blood*. Scroggins's account of the matter was that he had twoscore of lambs, as pretty lambs as ever you set eyes on. They were going to pay his half-year's rent, and leave something to the good then. But lo! They "what you call fell off," and there was no accounting for it. Of course he was annoyed, and he thought about it early and late. One night he dreamed a dream. He was walking in his meadow, and there he came upon John Cudlip's cottage, and he saw his lambs "frolickin' surprisin'!" but as he watched them Mrs. Cudlip came forth from her door, and turned up a sod in the meadow, and lo! from the bowels of the earth issued another score of lambs; but they were black lambs, and they had no frolic in them, and they came in dread array towards the frolickers, and Mr. Scroggins could bear the vision no longer, but awoke—"that dripping as you might ha' wrung him out." There could be no doubt after that what had come to his lambs! Next morning, while the dew was on the grass, Mr. Scroggins, in painful excitement, rushed to Cudlip's door; *there was a loose sod* not a yard from it. Scroggins, in wild dismay, turned it over. "And there, gentlemen, as sure as you're a-sitting there—there was a *walking toad*! After that, the guilt of the witch could not be

doubted by the most sceptical. If it had been a jumping frog, charity or incredulity might have paused before arriving at a conclusion. But a *walking* toad — what more could a man require in the way of proof positive? The magistrates, I grieve to say, took a different view of the case, and, spite of Scroggins's repeated assurance that he bore the woman no malice, and wanted to draw not a drop more blood than would suffice to protect him from the evil eye in future, they inflicted a somewhat heavy fine rather than ruin the poor man by sending him to jail. The fine was paid then and there; but as Mr. Scroggins laid down the money he protested before gods and men that it was all very well for the gentlemen to talk their high-flown bombast when the reporters were present to take them down. But you were never going to make him believe but that "there ain't none on 'em as wouldn't ha' served that there woman wus 'n I did if he'd been overlooked same as I was."

It happens occasionally that a cunning man, in the true sense of the word, has the wit to avail himself of the credulity of his neighbors without desiring to make an improper use of that credulity for any base ends, and so it was with Parson Chowne. Of Mr. Chowne's qualifications for the sacred office, the less said the better. He has become the hero of one work of fiction at least and as long as he lives in fiction only, he will not do much harm. I am glad to find that the world at large does not believe that there ever did live within the four seas such a benefited clergyman as Parson Chowne. I have no desire to convince the world at large that in this particular case fact is stranger than fiction. But the following instance of Mr. Chowne's "cunning" may be verified by the testimony of people still alive, who were present at the scene described. Mr. Chowne, living in the wilds of Locris, and having many men in his employment, found it necessary to keep a larger sum of money in his house than is now usually kept in any private dwelling. He kept it in a cash-box; and the cash-box was hid in a hole, supposed to be known only to the parson and his wife. One day Chowne went to the hiding-place, and found the cash-box gone — not a trace of it to be seen. Fury is too weak a word whereby to characterize the frantic violence of the man in his tremendous outbreaks of drunken passion; and on this occasion they say his terrible rage exhibited itself in a frightful display of

savagery. But threats and oaths and flashing eyes will not find cash-boxes, and Mr. Chowne was baffled, and knew not which way to turn. At last he bethought him of the terrors which the unseen world might supply. With all due solemnity and much ceremony, he summoned to his bedroom — the sanctuary of his house — every man, woman, and child whom he had in his employ, and a large company they were. They half filled the bedroom, and they were ranged in due order, thrust back as far as might be to the four walls of the apartment. From a beam in the centre of the chamber hung a rope — one of those ropes with which for years the bearers in the village had been wont to let down the coffins of the dead into their graves. The rope was wound round a large family Bible, and inside the Bible was the key of the church, so large that any one might see it protruding between the leaves. The awe-struck assembly were told that all the unseen world had been invoked to lend its aid for the discovery of the doomed wretch who had dared to violate the sanctuary of the home which had sheltered him; the ghosts of all that long array of forefathers, whose names, said Parson Chowne, were written in *that* Book of Life, would rise up to haunt the robber; the terrors of mother Church, symbolized by yonder iron key, were brandished before his guilty soul; the awful mysteries of the charnel-house and the yawning grave were shadowed by the *rope of death*. Then before the shuddering and horror-stricken company Parson Chowne stepped to the Bible with its key, and told his people that the rites would begin. He twisted the terrible rope with his strong hands till it would twist no more; and then bidding each one keep his place, for the man or woman to whom the key pointed when it ceased to spin that was the culprit whom the powers unseen denounced, he let the Bible go, and away it went spinning round and round as if it would go on forever. They say the long suspense was agonizing to those present. "The thing seemed as if it were never going to stop," said one who was there; but all things have *some* end, and so with this. It did stop at last, plainly and unequivocally pointing to Jerry Chawler, one of Parson Chowne's whips, who thereupon burst out into vociferous howls, and with copious blubberings protested he was guiltless as the babe unborn. Jerry succeeded in establishing his innocence. No one, not even his brutal master, had the least suspicion of



his guilt; and the result of the ordeal was that every one was convinced, *not* that the means resorted to were not absolutely the best possible or conceivable, but that *the thief was not there*. "If he'd a' been there, parson ud 'a had him!"

Downright unmixt imposture without any self-deception or any faith in the ceremonial resorted to by the wise woman I believe to be rare. One case has come under my notice. Tinker Joe, who died this year at a very advanced age (though it may be doubted whether he lived to one hundred and ten, as his neighbors and relations assure you he certainly did), used to tell of a gipsy friend of his, Mrs. Smith. "She lay buried in Trawson churchyard, close by Ixworth—been a laying there close upon fifty year;" and how she travelled all over Arcadia "with a *sparrer* in a cage, and the sight o' money as she got out o' folks long as that there sparrer lived—lawk!—yer wouldn't credit it—nor wouldn't nobody else! She was a *wonder*, she was. She was a woman as 'd never tell you nothing the first time she came round. When folks came to her she'd go to that sparrer, and she'd say, 'Chippy, what do you know about it, eh?' and then she'd put her head under a sort of a great thing like a cart-cover, and she and Chippy would seem as if they was a-talking, and Chippy a-tellin' of her things; and she'd come out as often as not, saying as Chippy he wasn't kindly, and wouldn't say nothing; and she'd go to the public house, and it wasn't often as she didn't larn something to say there by the time she got back. There was a small shopkeeper at Hockley who'd been a-buying a piece of land with a bad title, and Mrs. Smith she'd somehow found it out; and one day soon after he'd got the land she went into the man's shop as cheerful as a grasshopper, and she says, 'If you please,' she says, 'I want a pen-'orth o' sugar for my Chippy,' and the man was just a-handing it to her when Chippy began to chirp won'erful loud, and Mrs. Smith she set him down on the counter, and looked all o' a heap like—just as if she was 'mazed. 'What! you don't mean that, Chippy?' says she, and the sparrer he began a-rustling and a-chirpin' as if he wasn't right, and when she'd giv him a bit of sugar, he wouldn't have it if it was ever so! 'Well, then,' says Mrs. Smith at last: 'if he won't have it, he shan't; but I reckon as Chippy *du* know what he's a-talking about this time.' And then she began upon that poor man, and little by little she told him

all about the bit o' land; and he was that terrified that he gave her five and twenty shillings not to let folks know what Chippy had tould her, and she went away wi' it tu. I reckon as that sparrer came to a bad end a little arter this, and Mrs. Smith she never held up much when she hadn't her sparrer, though they was won'erful afear'd on her mostly."

Has the reader had enough of these stories? Then, because enough is as good as a feast, he shall have no more! But I *could* a tale unfold of how Tanaquil came down from Macedon and took up her habitation for a while with a humble client, and how she slank into the lonely hovel of the withered Sagana, and asked how long old Servius would live, and now—but I am *not* going to tell that tale. Neither can I, turning to a remoter past, tell what John Freeman had done, who at the Assizes held at Norwich in March, 1585, was condemned to be hanged on a gibbet for witchcraft; nor why on the 19th of June, 1576, at the Sessions in the shirehouse, Margery Budd, the wife of John Budd, was "reprieved without bail for witchery and murder." Sure I am that the cunning man and the wise woman were in full swing long before Mrs. Budd's time; and that what John Boys, the dean of Canterbury, said fifteen years after her time may be said of some "worldlings" even now. For says he:—

It is the fashion of worldlings, if they lose goods out of their closet or cattle out of their close, presently to rake hell for help, consulting with abominable witches and other wicked agents of the devil. But (he adds with pious emphasis) shall I then forsake God who rideth upon the heavens and seek comfort at the hands of a conjurer by Black Arts and works of darkness?

No, Satan!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From All The Year Round.  
GRIS LAPIN.

A STORY.

HERE is a little break in the forest, an opening that seems to have been cleared by woodcutters or charcoal-burners, but so long ago that it is now covered with a thick carpet of ivy and moss, upon which are heaped the dead leaves of yester-year. All is wonderfully still and silent in the wistful, expectant silence of early spring-time, though sometimes you may faintly



hear the far-off music of the hounds. And thus far we have followed the hunt, but some solitary old villain of a boar has carried the pack, as if on a bee-line, right over the hills and far away, and there they may stay for us, while, seated on a fallen tree-trunk, we enjoy the perfume of a pipe and the fresh and fitful breeze. It is early March, and the trees are still almost bare, but thickening with coming buds, so that the masses of the forest assume a misty softness. Faintly you may hear the sweet trill of larks high above the distant plain that shows like a cloud through the haze of twigs and branches, while the river winding through shows here and there a reach in silvery brightness.

Close by runs a hollow way all overgrown with trees and brushwood, and just at its verge, and on the edge of the clearing, stands the socket of an ancient cross, of the shaft of which some shattered fragments lie half concealed in the forest growth.

Then suddenly the stillness of the forest is broken by a great rustling and breaking of branches. Is it our friend the wild pig, who has doubled round upon us? Click! go the hammers of the gun, when a smothered voice exclaims, "Don't fire, monsieur; it is only I," as a huge animated bundle of dead wood comes crashing into the clearing. Beneath this great faggot is an old fellow in blue cotton blouse and overalls, with enormous sabots on his feet — sabots lined with a wisp of straw to make all snug and comfortable.

It is Toupet, the barber of the village down below — the superannuated barber, be it understood, for Toupet the younger now wields the razor and scissors, and rules the shop and café under the striped pole and dangling brass basin emblematic of the craft. But old Toupet is still hale and vigorous. You may see him beside a huge pile of refuse tan, executing wild gambadoes in his wooden shoes — not in mere lightness of heart, though that is not lacking either, but in the way of making round cakes for burning, which he will presently stack on wooden shelves all round his little cottage. And then he scours the forests to gather the dead wood with his wooden hook, like a nutting-stick, that he now trails behind him, and his *serpe*, or bill-hook, carefully concealed, for that is a little against the law. Then he has his little garden on the hillside, which furnishes the greater part of his diet.

He is a cheery and chirpy old soul, this  
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Toupet, and when he had placed his big faggot carefully against the trunk of a tree, and wiped his brows with the sleeve of his tattered blue blouse, he came forward with quite the air of a marquis, and offered his little snuff-box with a gracious bow. Yes, he will gladly take a little taste of cognac if monsieur will also partake; and we chink together our drinking receptacles with great cordiality. He has much to say about the *chasse*, with fervent hopes that the hunters will make an end of the whole race of savage animals, which are so harmful to agriculture and destructive to the humble kitchen garden. And then I interrupted his recital of the damage done by the wild animals of the forest by asking if he knew anything about the old stone cross.

At once Père Toupet's face assumed an expression of reserve and mystery. As for the cross — well, it had been there as long as he could remember; a relic of the old times, no doubt. But for him the stone had a more vivid interest. It marked the grave of a friend. It was not a thing to be talked about; but as monsieur was not of this country, and did not gossip, it could do no harm to tell him the story of Gris Lapin.

"They called him Gris Lapin because of his beard, which was thick and grey — pardon, monsieur, a rabbit has not a beard, I allow, but *enfin*, perhaps his prominent teeth — and did monsieur notice the prominent teeth of M. de Blenville, the master of the hounds? But nobody called him Lapin — and yet, if titles were hereditary — however, you shall hear. He was not of this country, the Gris Lapin, but from Brittany, and was once *valet de chiens* to the Comte de Blenville — with his hounds and his other distinctions. The count cut up all his estate, and presently the château was in the hands of the notary, to be sold, and the count in hiding, nobody knew where. As for Gris Lapin, he would not take another place; he loved his freedom, and to live after his own pleasure, and he set up as a woodcutter, a business at which he was very expert — too expert, perhaps, for the forest keepers, who suspected him of felling more wood than he paid for, but for a long time they could prove nothing against him.

"At this time, he would often come to my little café, and we became great friends, and he would tell me of all his affairs. Of his wife, whom he had left behind in Brittany, and who was housekeeper to a rich lady there, of a family it is said, who

made their money out of sardines; and of his boy, the little Eustase. As for his wife, he was quite content she should stay in Brittany, but he loved his boy, and would take sudden journeys just to get a look at him. And somewhere in those parts lived the count's sister, who was married to some gentleman of the country, and she had taken charge of the little Mlle. Agnès, the count's only child, for he had been married, but had lost his wife long ago. And so the Gris Lapin, when he went to see his own boy, would also pay a visit to the little daughter of his old master. The count's sister, being of the old *noblesse*, had but little to say to the rich people of the sardines. But she was well content, when her brother had eaten up all his estate, to arrange a marriage between him and the rich demoiselle of the sardines.

"It was Gris Lapin who brought us the news of all this, and soon we heard how the château was to be newly furnished and refurbished up, and the count's old debts paid off; and presently we hear of nothing but M. de Blenville and Madame la Comtesse. And the new housekeeper at the château was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin; and their son, the little Eustase, was running about the place, a fine playfellow for Mlle. Agnès, who had now come back to her father's house. But this did not last long. The newly-married wife took a violent dislike to her step-daughter — being a jealous, ill-tempered woman, as was natural in one from her country. And so the demoiselle was sent to a convent to be educated, with the promise that she should become a sister when she was old enough to take the vows. And you may think that mademoiselle, who was very lively and amiable, did not like the prospect, nor her father any more, who in his way was very fond of his daughter. But what was he to do? He could not give her a dowry, for everything was in the hands of his wife, and madame would give nothing, except for the convent.

"As for the little Eustase, he went to school in the town with the *frères* and soon he learned all they could teach him; even the Latin, which madame would have him learn. And then said madame to her faithful Bretonne, '*Ma mie*, I will make the future of your son. He shall go to the seminary and be a priest, and I promise you that he shall not want for friends, and you may look to see him a bishop before you die.' The mother was charmed with the notion, but as for Gris

Lapin — for they were obliged to ask his consent — he did not care that his son should efface himself thus. 'If you will send him to college,' he said, 'let it be the military school, and make a soldier of him.' But madame would do nothing except in her own way. Eustase must be a priest, or she would have nothing more to say to him.

"And Gris Lapin had not prospered, for if he made money quickly he spent it all in drink, and would work no more till it was all gone. And then he was noted as a poacher. If there were a hare within a dozen miles he would snare her. He cleared the streams of their trout, the fields of the quail and partridge. As for me, I am a little of a naturalist; and if he found anything strange in bird or fish he would bring it to me — and thus we became great friends and comrades. And sometimes I had it in my power to do him a good turn. You know the little garden that I bought with my savings. The soil is good, but the forest is too near, and the deer and the sanglier like nothing better than my young cabbages and lettuces. And I had built myself a little hut, where I might lie at night and watch for the animals, I and my little dog. And while I was clearing the ground, I came upon a little cave, hollowed out of the chalk, which proved very handy, for I could keep a cask of cider there unknown to anybody, and more than once Gris Lapin had been glad to hide himself there when the gendarmes had run him close.

"But you may judge that this was not a very reputable father for young Eustase, always so well cared for and proper. And when our little monsieur came back from his college, with his long frock and his demure face like an abbé, I could have laughed to see the two together. But he was always kind and respectful to his father; for he had a heart of gold, that little Eustase, and I thought it a thousand pities it should be shut up in a cassock.

"Now, as ill luck would have it, when Eustase came home for his vacation, madame had gone to her own estate in Brittany, and the count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young monsieur must needs become enamored of this Mlle. Agnès; for her father, thinking him already just as good as a priest, saw no harm in these two old playfellows being together; and perhaps they opened their hearts to each other and discovered how sad their lives would be without love. By-and-by, madame comes

home in a hurry and makes a fine disturbance, and our young monsieur is sent back to his seminary and mademoiselle to her convent.

"And then came the war, and those miserable Prussians burst upon us. Then there were holidays at all the schools and convents, and mademoiselle was sent back post haste to the château, but a little moment too late, for madame had fled to England the day before. As for monsieur, he had joined the army; for he was a brave man, and had served already. But before the day had closed of mademoiselle's arrival, the Prussians were upon us in force. There seemed to be no end of them as they marched past, square and solid, and soon they were swarming everywhere. The general, who was some prince I was told, took up his quarters at the château, and there was not a householder who was free from these profitless guests.

"Meantime how fares our Gris Lapin? Why, as bravely as possible. He has the forest to himself; the keepers have all taken flight—they are no more gendarmes—and he at work with his hatchet, and selling wood to the Prussians as fast as you please, wood that costs him nothing but the pains of felling. 'But, my brave,' I say to him, 'you will pay for this afterwards, when the forest inspector comes back and takes note of all the wood you have cut.' 'But who will tell of me?' asked Gris Lapin fiercely. 'Depend upon it,' I said, 'that some of these keepers are still prowling about in disguise.' 'Let me catch them,' cried Gris Lapin savagely. There were others to warn him—his wife, for example, who never saw him without giving him bad words; and even Mlle. Agnès, who loved him better than he deserved, would put her pretty little hands together and implore him to have no dealings with the Prussians. 'But their money is good; it sounds well,' he would cry, chinking the coins in his pocket. And, *ma foi*, perhaps he had reason in that. For, look you, it was a good time also for the cafés, and I took more money in a week while the Prussians were with us than in a month at other times. There were three or four of these soldiers staying in my house—honest fellows enough, who made themselves useful about the place, with a heap of their comrades to smoke, drink, and sing all day long in my little café.

"And one day in the thick of it all, when you could hardly see across the room for smoke, a man came in dressed as a peasant in his blouse and gaiters,

with his bill-hook hanging at his girdle—an honest woodman as it would seem. Some of the soldiers laughed and made faces at him, and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, middle-aged man, with rather prominent front teeth, who reminded me in some way of Gris Lapin, only for the beard which was wanting; and as he paid me for his café, he contrived to give me a pressure of the hand and a look of intelligence, as much as to say, 'I want to speak to you.' 'You want your hair cut, monsieur,' I replied to his look in a loud voice. 'Good; will you walk into the salon?' and he followed me from the café into my little shop. The door between was wide open, and I did not venture to shut it lest suspicion should arise, and I began snipping away, calling out loudly at times to my son and daughter-in-law, who had taken my place in the café. All the while he talked to me in a low voice, and I replied in the same manner. In the mean time I had noticed that his hair was made up to look grey, and that his skin was smooth and fine—a young man in the disguise of an old one—so that I was not too much surprised when he whispered: 'I am Eustase. Find some way to get me into the château.' After all, I was not too well pleased with the business he wanted me to undertake. Why did not he go to his father, who was on the best terms with all the officers at the château? 'I passed by his hut,' said the young man, hanging his head, 'but my father was not fit.' I understood perfectly without more words. Our Gris Lapin was Lapin Gris. Drunk, intoxicated, alcoholized—don't you understand, monsieur? It was his habit when he had earned a little more than usual, and naturally the young man was ashamed.

"'But come,' I cried, recollecting myself and speaking out loudly so that all might hear—'yes, if you have pigeons to sell, you will find a market for them at the château.' For it occurred to me that some one from the château had been enquiring if I had any pigeons to sell, having a dovecote in my grenier. And the young man gave me a startled look, but presently took my cue and we began gabbling about pigeons like two half-crazed amateurs. And the big soldiers raised a laugh at us, shouting out, 'Pigeon—crapaud,' all together with their thick voices, in the middle of which I called to M. Eustase to follow me to my grenier, where I would show him pigeons to be astonished at. And no sooner were we

alone together — 'Pere Toupet,' cried Eustase, 'you made a dangerously good shot with your pigeons. Look!' and he drew forth from inside his blouse a beautiful white carrier of the Antwerp breed. 'And now,' he cried, 'tell me about the château — is she safe? is she well — Mlle. Agnès?' and he blushed like a young girl.

"Well, I had heard no ill news of mademoiselle, who lived in a corner of the château with la mère Bretonne. But had he come into all this danger to seek news of mademoiselle? Well, no; he had great affairs on hand, but he must find his way to the château without creating suspicion, and he looked to his old friend Toupet to help, as well for *la patrie* as for his own sake. It was not for Toupet to resist such a claim as that. But what better could be done than to start M. Eustase for the château with a basket and two pairs of fine young pigeons that I had intended for the New Year's fête?"

"We knew little of what was going on at the time; but we heard all about the affair afterwards — how Eustase at the beginning of the war had cast aside the costume of a seminarist and joined the army as a volunteer, and he contrived so as to join the regiment of which his patron had been made colonel — this was under De Palladines, an old friend of M. le Comte — and managed so well that before long, thanks to his colonel, he was drawn from the ranks and received his epaulette as sous-lieutenant.

"And then there was fought a great battle, in which the Prussians got the worst of it, and it only remained for the army to march on and put the enemy all to flight. That was what the comte urged upon them; but the generals doubted that the Prussians were too strongly posted. And then the comte proposed to send a faithful scout who would mark the strength and position of the enemy; and he thought of Eustase and sent for him, offering that he should have his epaulettes if he succeeded; while, if he were discovered, he might make up his mind to a bullet through his head, or perhaps to be hung up to the nearest tree. And Eustase said that he would go; and he was taken to the general, and he shook him by the hand and promised him the cross as well as his epaulettes if he succeeded in his mission. And they gave him three carrier-pigeons which had been trained at the farm where the general's quarters were, and would find their way home if it were from Paris. And the count would

have him put on the cassock of a priest, but Eustase said no, he would never wear the cassock again, but instead he would be an honest woodman, like his father.

"Well, Eustase knew the country, every inch of it, and made his way from forest to forest, and under his blouse the three white pigeons, and at each post he counted heads and made his calculations. One — two of the pigeons were cast loose and made their way like arrows back to the camp, but the third he kept till he should reach headquarters and find out the full state of the whole army-corps.

"You may fancy what joy there was at the château when la mère and the pretty Agnès found out who was the elderly pigeon-merchant who had brought the birds for the prince's kitchen; and with all the loving messages from the count to his daughter, that Eustase took care should not lose in the telling; and, best of all, that in four-and-twenty hours, if all went well, the count himself, at the head of his braves, would be among them. And, by good luck, la Bretonne herself could tell her son everything about the army, for she had listened and kept watch all the time, and that most of the regiments had been sent off towards Paris, and it only remained for our men to fall on and win a splendid victory. And Eustase put all this in his despatch, which he placed in a quill and attached to the pigeon; and they let fly the pigeon from the very terrace of the château; and it circled high in the air and then flew away in the right direction just over the forest.

"And now," said Eustase proudly, looking into the dark eyes of Agnès, 'I have won my epaulettes, I have won my cross, and perhaps I have won my mistress.'

"And just then they heard a shot which made them all tremble.

"It was that same afternoon that I had a visit from Gris Lapin which a little surprised me, for from what his son had said I did not expect that he would be in a reasonable state that day. But he was quite himself and in high spirits. 'You were quite right, old friend,' he cried, 'in the warning you gave me about the forest keepers. I have had one of those animals spying about me to-day, but I think I have settled his business.' I must tell you that ever since my visit from Eustase those drolls of Germans had never ceased to make sport of me, coo-cooing like pigeons and croaking like frogs, though what there was to make fun of I never could make out. And when the Gris Lapin came into the café the chorus be-

gan again; and he looked around angrily, thinking there was some insult intended to himself; but I pacified him by telling him how it was my pigeons they were joking about. And I drew him into the little shop and whispered to him the news of his son, how he was an officer now, and likely to have the cross. But Gris Lapin would hardly believe me, and when he was convinced of the truth, 'Now,' said he, 'let me once see my son in his epaulettes, with the cross upon his breast, and I will never appear again to be a trouble and disgrace to him.' And as we were talking together in a low voice we heard the sound of a military party, tramp, tramp, tramp; and behold, there came along, at the double, an armed guard of Prussians, with a prisoner in the middle of them, his hands tied behind him, as pale as death, with a strange glazed look in the eyes. 'Ah,' cried my son, who had also run to the door to look, 'that is a poor fellow whom they have caught sending messages to our army by a carrier-pigeon, Heaven bless him.' And at that Gris Lapin staggered forward and threw himself among the soldiers with a loud cry, while the prisoner turned his head. 'Mon père,' he cried, springing towards him as well as he could, but the soldiers urged him along with their bayonets, and drove away Gris Lapin with blows, and he fell backwards among us more dead than alive.

"I well remember that night, when just as darkness was coming on, two women passed along the street closely veiled, and in the deepest black. And all the world had a sad heart, for the poor young man we had known from a child was to be shot at daybreak next morning, and it was mademoiselle and la Bretonne who were going to take a last farewell. And we heard that they had been ordered to leave the château before midnight, for that the prince was terribly incensed at them for having given information to poor Eustase. They were to leave the château, and be sent out of the Prussian lines, and Gris Lapin was to take charge of them to make their way out of the country as they best could. And people were looking everywhere for him, but he could not be found. He had hidden himself perhaps, so that none might see him in his misery. But in the course of the evening I heard somebody tapping at the door and opened, and there was Gris Lapin, very much changed in appearance, and quite white and haggard, and I began to bewail his son, and to try to comfort him, and he

bade me hold my tongue, for that I knew nothing about the matter. 'That might be,' I said, 'but I knew this much: that if I knew the traitor who had betrayed him, I would do my best to strangle him with these two hands of mine.' At this, Gris Lapin dashed at me, tearing the wrapper from his brawny throat. 'Do you say so? Then strangle me, for I am the traitor!'

"I would not believe him till he told me the sad story. How he had been lying half asleep in his hut, when a man came up to the place and peered about all round as if he were taking note of everything: the trees that were cut, the stacks of wood and all; and some evil spirit put it into his head that this was his old enemy, the forest keeper, who had come back to plague him, and he followed the man at a distance and he watched him into the town, and again, when he left in the direction of the château. And he watched the château from his hiding-place in the woods. And when he saw the man come out and let fly the pigeon, he raised his gun and shot it. And he took the pigeon to the Prussians and sold it for fifty francs, with the little burden it carried. 'Yes; I have sold my son's life,' he groaned.

"For myself, I was frightened, overpowered; the thing seemed too horrible. I had not a word to say to my old comrade as he sat there in the darkness. I felt that the man was accursed. He was the first to break silence. 'Well, I am going away — I am going to take charge of mademoiselle and my wife. They need never know,' looking at me fiercely. 'No,' I said, 'they need never know — nor anybody else, for that matter. I should not betray you.' 'You will not betray me,' repeated Gris Lapin; 'but you will not touch hands upon that.' 'No,' I said, drawing back, 'I will not.' At that his mood changed, and he flung himself into the operating chair, and bade me light my lamp and shave his beard. In a new country he would be a new man.

"And indeed he looked a new man with his grey beard taken off and his hair shortened. A much younger man, for his hair was still black, or only speckled with grey. When I had finished he muffled up his face, saying with a bitter laugh, that it would not do to take a chill. 'And now,' he said, 'I am promised ten minutes with my son. It will be a pleasant interview, don't you think?' with a hollow laugh that made my blood run cold; 'and before daylight to-morrow,' he continued,



'I shall be far away from here, and we shall never meet again. Will you not touch hands?' 'My friend,' I said, 'may Heaven forgive you, but I cannot take your hand,' and Gris Lapin turned away and was lost to sight in the darkness.

"I slept soundly enough that night, for whatever people's troubles may be one must work, and work brings the need of repose; but just before daybreak I was aroused by the soldiers who were billeted upon me turning out. I got up to see what was the matter, when a sergeant, catching sight of me, made signs to me in a rough, authoritative way to take up a spade and follow him. I turned sick at what was going to happen, but these were people not to be trifled with, and I marched away to the forest with the rest.

"It was in this little clearing, monsieur, where the firing party was drawn up, with one solitary figure stripped to his shirt standing before them. I flung myself down on the ground and buried my face in the moss, and then the volley rang out loud and clear. And then the firing party marched off, and I was left with the sergeant, who was carelessly pacing up and down, and who motioned to me to dig the grave. But first I went up to the body to close the eyes that were staring wildly, with, I fancy, some little consciousness still left in them. But the face was quite different from what I expected. With the marks of my own razor upon it, and a gash that I made in my agitation the night before! It was the face of Gris Lapin. Ah, how I pressed his hand, and I fancied that the numbed fingers feebly returned the pressure! His crime was expiated, he might rest in peace. And, *ma foi*, I should like to lie here myself with the sound of the axe in the distance and the wood-pigeons cooing. But that is all folly, for when we are dead, what matters?

"Mind, I do not believe for a moment that the young man thought that he had left his father to die. He could not think it possible that they should shoot one man for another. Nor would they have done so but for the ruse of Gris Lapin in having his well-known beard taken off. But, anyhow, the young man escaped, and the guard did not recognize the change. And perhaps he does not know to this day, for when the war was over none could say what had become of Gris Lapin. And I also held my peace, for I thought that such would be the wish of my old comrade.

"But M. Eustase got his epaulettes

after all, and in the end the comte gave his permission that he should marry Mlle. Agnès. And madame, who was at first very angry, was afterwards reconciled, and when she died — both she and the comte are now dead — she left the bulk of her fortune to the young couple. And so the little Eustase is now M. de Blenville, and hunts the forest like a grand seigneur, but some of us remember that, after all, he is the son of Gris Lapin."

From Longman's Magazine.

#### THE NORWAY FJORDS.

ON June 30, 1881, we sailed from Southampton Water in a steam yacht to spend ten weeks in the Norway fjords — fjords or friths, for the word is the same. The Scandinavian children of the sea carried their favorite names with them. Frith is fjord; our Cumberland Scale *Force* would be called Scale Foss between the North Cape and the Baltic. The yacht was spacious; over three hundred tons. Cabins, equipments, engines, captain, steward, crew the best of their kind. Our party was small; only four in all. My friend whose guest I was, and whom I shall call X —, two ladies, and myself. X — had furnished himself with such knowledge as was attainable in London, for the scenes which we were to explore. He had studied Norse. He could speak it; he could understand and be understood. He was a sportsman, but a sportsman only as subsidiary to more rational occupations. He was going to Norway to catch salmonidæ: not, however, to catch them only, but to study the varieties of that most complicated order of fish. He was going also to geologize and to botanize, to examine rocks and rivers and glaciers and flowers; while all of us were meaning to acquaint ourselves as far as we could with the human specimens still to be found in the crater of the old volcano from which those shiploads of murdering "Danes" poured out ten centuries ago to change the face of Europe.

And to see Norway, the real Norway, within moderate compass of time is possible only with such means as a steam yacht provides. There are great lines of road in Norway along the practicable routes, but very few *are* practicable; nine-tenths of the country, and the most interesting parts, are so walled off by



mountains, are so entrenched among the fjords, as to be forever unapproachable by land, while the water highways lead everywhere — magnificent canals, fashioned by the elemental forces, who can say how or when?

From the west coast there run inland with a general easterly direction ten or twelve main channels of sea, penetrating from fifty to a hundred miles into the very heart of the northern peninsula. They are of vast depth, and from half a mile to two miles broad. The mountains rise on both sides sheer from the water's edge; the lower ranges densely timbered with pine and birch and alder; above these belts of forest soar ranges of lofty peaks, five or six thousand feet up, the snow lying thick upon them in the midst of summer, glaciers oozing down the gorges, like cataracts arrested in their fall by the frost enchanter, motionless, yet with the form of motion. From the snow, from the ice when the glaciers reach a warmer level, melt streams which swell at noon, as the sun grows hot, descend in never-ending waterfalls, cascade upon cascade, through the ravines which they have cut for themselves in millions of years. In the evening they dwindle away, and at night fall silent as the frost resumes its power.

From the great central fjords branches strike out right and left, some mere inlets ending after a few miles, some channels which connect one fjord with another. The surface of Norway, as it is shown flat upon a chart, is lined and intersected by these water-ways as the surface of England is by railways. The scenery, though forever changing, changes like the pattern of a kaleidoscope, the same materials readjusted in varying combinations; the same rivers of sea-water, the same mountain walls, the same ice and snow on the summits, the same never-ending pines and birches, with an emerald carpet between the stems where the universal whortleberry hides the stones under the most brilliant green. The short fjords and the large are identical in general features, save that, lying at right angles to the prevailing winds, the surface of these lateral waters is usually undisturbed by a single ripple; the clouds may be racing over the high ridges, but down below no breath can reach. Hence the light is undispersed. The eye, instead of meeting anywhere with white water, sees only rocks, woods, and cataracts reversed as in a looking-glass. This extreme stillness, and the optical results

of it, are the cause, I suppose, of the gloom of Norwegian landscape-painting.

How these fjords were formed is, I believe, as yet undetermined. Water has furrowed the surface of the globe into many a singular shape; water, we are told, cut out the long gorge below Niagara; but water, acting as we now know it, scarcely scooped out of the hardest known rock these multitudinous fissures so uniform in character between walls which pierce the higher strata of the clouds, between cliffs which in some places rise, as in the Geiranger, perpendicular for a thousand feet; the fjords themselves of such extraordinary depth, and deepest always when furthest from the sea. Where they enter the Atlantic, there is bottom generally in a hundred fathoms. In the Sogne, a hundred miles inland, you find seven hundred fathoms. Rivers cutting their way through rock and soil could never have achieved such work as this. Ice is a mighty thaumaturgist, and ice has been busy enough in Norway. The fjords were once filled with ice up to a certain level; the level to which it rose can be traced on the sharp angles ground off the rounded stone, and the scores of the glacier plane on the polished slabs of gneiss or granite. But at some hundreds of feet above the present water-line the ice action ends, and cliffs and crags are scarred and angular and weather-splintered to where they are lost in the eternal snow. The vast moraines which occasionally block the valleys tell the same story. The largest that I saw was between four and five hundred feet high, and we have to account for chasms which, if we add the depth of the water to the height of the mountains above it, are nine thousand feet from the bottom to the mountain crest.

The appearance of Norway is precisely what it would have been if the surface had cracked when cooling into a thousand fissures, longitudinal and diagonal, if these fissures had at one time been filled with sea-water, at another with ice, and the sides above the point to which the ice could rise had been chipped and torn and weather-worn by rain and frost through endless ages. Whether this is, in fact, the explanation of their form, philosophers will in good time assure themselves; meantime, this is what they are outwardly like, which for present purposes is all that need be required.

A country so organized can be traversed in no way so conveniently as by a steam yacht, which carries the four-and-

twenty winds in its boiler. It is not the romance of yachting; and the steamer, beside the graceful schooner with its snowy canvas, seems prosaic and mechanical. The schooner does well in the open water with free air and sea room; but let no schooner venture into the Norway fjords, where slant winds come not by which you can make a course by a long reach, where there is either a glassy calm or a wind blowing up or down. If you reached the end of the Sogne you might spend a season in beating back to the sea alone, and, except in some few spots where you might not be able to go, you cannot so much as anchor for the depth of water. Shut in among these mountains, you may drift, becalmed in a sailing yacht for weeks together, while to a steamer the course is as easy and sure as to a carriage on a turnpike road. Your yacht is your house, and, like a wishing carpet, it transports you wherever you please to go, and is here and there and anywhere. You note your position on the chart; you scan it with the sense that the world of Norway is all before you to go where you like; you choose your next anchoring-place; you point it out to the pilot; you know your speed — there is no night in the summer months — you dine; you smoke your evening cigar; you go to your berth; you find yourself at breakfast in your new surroundings.

So then, on that June evening, we steamed out of the Solent. Our speed in smooth water was ten knots; our distance from Udsire light, for which our course was laid, was seven hundred miles. It was calm and cloudless, but unusually cold. When night brought the stars we saw the comet high above us, the tail of him pointing straight away from the sun, as if the head was a lens through which the sun's rays lighted the atoms of ether behind it. Sleep, which had grown fitful in the London season, came back to us at once in our berths unscared by the grinding of the screw. We woke fresh and elastic when the decks were washed. The floors of the cabins lifted on hinges, and below were baths into which the seawater poured till we could float in it. When we came up and looked about us we were running past the North Foreland. With the wind aft and the water smooth we sped on. I lay all the morning on a sofa in the deck cabin, and smoked and read Xenophon's "Memorabilia." So one day passed, and then another. On the evening of July 2 we passed through a fleet of English trawlers, a few units of

the ten thousand feeders of the London stomach, the four million human beings within the bills of mortality whom the world combines to nourish. We were doing two hundred miles a day. The calm continued, and the ladies so far had suffered nothing. There was no motion save the never-resting heave of the ocean swell. Homer had observed that long undulation; Ulysses felt it when coming back from Hades to Circe's island. The thing is the same, though the word ocean has changed its meaning. To Homer ocean was a river which ran past the grove of Proserpine. It was not till the ship had left the river mouth for the open sea that she lifted on the wave.\*

On the third afternoon the weather changed. The cold of the high latitude drove us into our winter clothes. The wind rose from the north-west, bringing thick rain with it, and a heavy beam sea. The yacht rolled twenty degrees each way. Long steamers, without sails to steady them, always do roll, but our speed was not altered. We passed Udsire light on the 3rd, at seven in the evening, and then groped our way slowly, for, though there was no longer any night, we could see little for fog and mist. At last we picked up a pilot who brought us safely into the roadstead at Bergen, where we were to begin our acquaintance with Norway. It stands fifteen miles inland, with three fjords leading to it, built on a long tongue of rock between two inlets, and overhung with mountains. There is a great trade there, chiefly in salt fish, I believe — any way the forty thousand inhabitants seemed, from the stir on shore and in the harbor, to have plenty to occupy them. We landed and walked round. There are no handsome houses, but no beggars and no signs of poverty. "You have poor here," I said to a coal-merchant, who came on board for orders, and could speak English. "Poor?" he said; "yes, many; not, of course, such poor as you have in England. Every one has enough to eat." To our sensations it was extremely cold; cold as an English January. But cold and heat are relative terms; and an English January might seem like summer after Arctic winters. The Bergen people took it to be summer, for we found a public garden where a band played; and there were chairs and tables for coffee out of doors. Trees and

\* Αἰτῶν ἐπεὶ ποταμοὶ λίπεν ῥόον Ὀκεανόιο  
Νηῶς, ἀπὸ δ' ἔκετο κύμα θαλάσσης εὐρυπόροιο.  
*Odyssey*, xii., 1, 2.

shrubs were acclimatized. Lilacs, acacias, and horse-chestnuts were in flower. There were roses in bud, and the gardeners were planting out geraniums. We saw the fish-market; everywhere a curious place, for you see there the fish that are caught, the fishermen who catch them, with their boats and gear, the market-women, and the citizens who come to buy. It is all fish in Bergen. The telegrams on the wall in the Bourse tell you only how fish are going in Holland and Denmark. The trade is in fish. On the rocks outside the town stand huge stacks, looking like bean-stacks, but they are of dried cod and ling. The streets and squares smell of fish. A steamer bound for Hull lay close to us in the roadstead; which to leeward might have been winded for a mile. Lads stagger about the streets cased between a pair of halibuts, like the Chelsea paupers between two advertisement boards inviting us to vote for Sir Charles Dilke at an election. Still, excepting the odors, we liked Bergen well. You never hear the mendicant whine there. Those northern people know how to work and take care of themselves, and loafers can find no living among them. I do not know whether there is so much as a beggar in the whole town. They are quiet, simple, industrious folk, who mind their own business. For politics they care nothing, not supposing that on this road is any kind of salvation for them. They are Lutherans; universally Lutherans. It is the national religion, and they are entirely satisfied with it. Protestant dissent is never heard of. There is a Catholic Church in Bergen for the foreign sailors, but I doubt if the priests have converted a single Norwegian. They are a people already moderately well-to-do in body and mind, and do not need anything which the priests could give them. The intellectual essentials are well looked after—the schools are good, and well attended. The Bergen museum is a model on a small scale of what a local museum ought to be, an epitome of Norway itself past and present. Perhaps there is not another in Europe so excellent of its kind. In the gallery of antiquities there is the Norway of the sea-kings, Runic tablets and inscriptions, chain armor, swords and clubs and battle-axes, pots of earthenware, stone knives and hammers of a still earlier age. There are the traces of their marauding expeditions, Greek and Italian statuettes, rings, chains, bracelets, and drinking-cups, one or two of these last especially curious, for

glass was rare and precious when they were made. The glass has been broken, and pieced with silver. These obviously were the spoils of some cruise in the Mediterranean, and there is old church plate among them which also tells its story. By the side of these are the implements of the Norsemen's other trade—fishing: specimens of nets, lines, hooks, spears, and harpoons, for whale and walrus, and crossbows, the barbed arrow having a line attached to it for shooting seals. In the galleries above is a very complete collection of the Scandinavian mammalia—wolves, bears, lynxes, foxes, whales, seals, and sea-horses, every kind of fish, every bird, land or water, all perfectly well classified, labelled, and looked after. Superior persons are in charge of it, who can hold their own with the leading naturalists of France or England; and all this is maintained at modest cost by the Bergen corporation.

The houses are plain, but clean; no dirt is visible anywhere, and there is one sure sign of a desire to make life graceful. The hardiest flower only will grow out of doors, but half the windows in the town are filled with myrtles, geraniums, or carnations. With the people themselves we had little opportunity of acquaintance; but one evening, the second after our arrival, we were on deck after dinner between ten and eleven in the evening. The sunshine was still on the hills. Though chilly to us, the air was warm to Bergen; the bay was covered with boats; family groups of citizens out enjoying themselves; music floating on the water and songs made sweet by distance; others were anchored fishing. X—rowed me out in the yacht's punt to a point half a mile distant. We brought up at an oar's length from some young ladies with a youth in charge of them. Some question asked as an excuse for conversation was politely answered. One of them spoke excellent English; she was a lively, clever girl, had been in Ireland, and was quick with repartee, well bred and refined. Their manners were faultless, but they fished as if they had been bred to the trade. They had oilskin aprons to save their dresses, and they pulled up their fish and handled their knives and baits like professionals.

Our first taste of Norway, notwithstanding the perfume of salt ling, was very pleasant; but we had far to go—as far as Lofoden if we could manage it—and we might not loiter. We left Bergen on the 6th with a local pilot. Trondhjem

or Drontheim was the next point where we were to expect letters, and two courses lead to it — either by the open sea outside the shoals and islands, or inland by the network of fjords, longer but infinitely the most interesting, with the further merit of water perfectly smooth. We started at six in the morning and flew on rapidly among tortuous channels, now sweeping through a passage scarcely wider than the yacht's length, now bursting into an archipelago of islets. The western coast of Norway is low and level — a barren, undulating country, with the sea flowing freely through the hollows. Here and there are green patches of meadow with a few trees, where there would be a bonder's or yeoman's farm. Prettily painted lighthouses with their red roofs marked our course for us, and a girl or two would come out upon the balconies to look at us as we rushed by within a gunshot. Eider-ducks flashed out of the water, the father of the family as usual the first to fly, and leaving wife and children to take care of themselves. Fishing-boats crossed us at intervals, and now and then a whale spouted; other signs of life there were none. Towards midday we entered the Sogne Fjord; we turned eastward towards the great mountain ranges; and, as in the fairy tale the rock opens to the enchanted prince, and he finds himself amidst gardens and palaces, so, as we ran on seemingly upon an impenetrable wall, cliff and crag fell apart, and we entered on what might be described as an infinite extension of Loch Lomond, save only that the mountains were far grander, the slopes more densely wooded, and that, far up, we were looking on the everlasting snow, or the green glitter of the glaciers.

On either side of us, as we steamed on, we crossed the mouths of other fjords, lateral branches precisely like the parent trunk, penetrating, as we could see upon our chart, for tens of miles. Norse history grew intelligible as we looked at them. Here were the hiding-places where the vikings, wickelings, hole-and-corner pirates, ran in with their spoils; and here was the explanation of their roving lives. The few spots where a family could sustain itself on the soil are scattered at intervals of leagues. The woods are silent and desolate; wild animals of any kind we never saw; hunting there could have been none. The bears have increased since the farming introduced sheep; but a thousand years ago, save a few reindeer and a few grouse and ptar-

migan, there was nothing which would feed either bear or man. Few warm-blooded creatures, furred or feathered, can endure the winter cold. A population cannot live by fish alone, and thus the Norsemen became rovers by necessity, and when summer came they formed in fleets and went south to seek their sustenance. The pine forests were their arsenal; their vessels were the best and fastest in the world; the water was their only road; they were boatmen and seamen by second nature, and the seacoasts within reach of a summer outing were their natural prey.

We were looking for an anchoring-place where there was a likelihood of fishing; we had seen an inlet on the chart, turning out of the Sogne, which looked promising. At the upper end two rivers appeared to run into it out of fresh-water lakes close by; conditions likely to yield salmon. It was our first experiment. A chart is flat. Imagination, unenlightened by experience, had pictured the fjord ending in level meadows, manageable streams winding through them, and, beyond, perhaps some Rydal or Grasmere lying tranquil among its hills. The pilot said that he knew the place, but could give us no description of it. Anticipation generally makes mistakes on such occasions, but never were fact and fancy more startlingly at variance. Lord Salisbury advised people to study geography on large maps. Flat charts are more convenient than models of a country in relief, but they are treacherous misleaders. Grand as the Sogne had been, the inlet where we struck into it was grander still. The forests on the shores were denser, the slopes steeper, the cliffs and peaks soaring up in more stupendous majesty. We ran on thus for eight or ten miles; then, turning round a projecting spur, we found ourselves in a landlocked estuary smooth as a mirror, the mountains on one side of it beautiful in evening sunlight, on the other darkening the water with their green purple shadows; at the far extremity, which was still five miles from us, a broad white line showed, instead of our "meadow stream," where a mighty torrent was pouring in a cataract over the face of a precipice into the sea.

At the foot of this fall, not three hundred yards from it (no bottom was to be found at a greater distance), we anchored half an hour later, and looked about us. We were in the heart of a primitive Norwegian valley, buried among mountains

so lofty and so unbroken that no road had ever entered, or could enter it. It was the first of many which we saw afterwards of the same type, and one description will serve for all.

We were in a circular basin at the head of a fjord. In front of us was a river as large as the Clyde rushing out of a chasm a thousand feet above us, and plunging down in boiling foam. Above this chasm and inaccessible, was one of the lakes which we had seen on the chart, and in which we had expected to catch salmon. The mountains round were, as usual, covered with wood. At the foot of the fall, and worked by part of it, was a large saw-mill with its adjoining sheds and buildings. The pines were cut as they were wanted, floated to the mill and made into planks, vessels coming at intervals to take them away. The Norwegians are accused of wasting their forests with these mills. We could see no signs of it. In the first place, the sides of the fjords are so steep that the trees can be got at only in comparatively few places. When they can be got at, there is no excessive destruction; more pines are annually swept away by avalanches than are consumed by all the mills in Norway; and the quantity is so enormous that the amount which men can use is no more likely to exhaust it than the Loch Fyne fishermen are likely to exhaust the herring shoals.

On the other side of the basin where we lay was the domain of the owner of the mill. Though the fjord ended, the great ravine in which it was formed stretched, as we could see, a couple of miles further, but it had been blocked by a moraine which stretched across it. The moraines, being formed of loose soil and stones deposited by ice in the glacial period, are available for cultivation and are indeed excellent land. There were forty or fifty acres of grass laid up for hay, a few acres of potatoes, a red-roofed, sunny farmhouse with large outbuildings, carts and horses moving about, poultry crowing, cattle grazing, a boathouse and platform where a couple of lighters were unloading. Here was the house of a substantial, prosperous bonder. His nearest neighbor must have been twelve miles from him. He, his children, and farm-servants were the sole occupants of the valley. The saw-mill was theirs; the boats were theirs; their own hands supplied everything which they wanted. They were their own carpenters, smiths, masons, and glaziers; they sheared their own sheep, spun and dyed their own wool,

wove their own cloth, and cut and sewed their own dresses. It was a true specimen of primitive Norwegian life complete in itself—of peaceful, quiet, self-sufficient, prosperous industry.

The snake that spoiled Paradise had doubtless found its way into Nord Gulen (so our valley was named) as into other places, but a softer, sweeter-looking spot we had none of us ever seen. It was seven in the evening when we anchored; a skiff came off, rowed by a couple of plain, stout girls with offers of eggs and milk. Fishing-lines were brought out as soon as the anchor was down. The surface water was fresh, and icy cold as coming out of the near glaciers; but it was salt a few fathoms down, and almost immediately we had a basket of dabs and whiting.

After dinner, at nine o'clock, with the sun still shining, X— and I went ashore with our trout-rods. We climbed the moraine, and a narrow lake lay spread out before us, perfectly still, the sides steep, in many places precipitous, trees growing wherever a root could strike. The lake was three miles long, and seemed to end against the foot of a range of mountains five thousand feet high, the peaks of which, thickly covered with snow, were flushed with the crimson light of the evening. The surface of the water was spotted with rings where the trout were rising. One of the bonder's boys, who had followed us, offered his boat. It was of native manufacture, and not particularly water-tight, but we stowed ourselves, one in the bow and the other in the stern. The boy had never seen such rods as ours; he looked incredulously at them, and still more at our flies; but he rowed us to the top of the lake, where a river came down out of the snow-mountain, finishing its descent with a leap over a cliff. Here he told us there were trout if we could catch them; and he took us deliberately into the spray of the waterfall, not understanding, till we were nearly wet through, that we had any objection to it. As the evening went on the scene became every minute grander and more glorious. The sunset colors deepened; a crag just over us, two thousand feet high, stood out clear and sharp against the sky. We stayed for two or three hours, idly throwing out flies and catching a few trout no longer than our hands, thereby confirming evidently our friend's impression of our inefficiency. At midnight we were in the yacht again—midnight, and it was like a night in



England at the end of June five minutes after sunset.

This was our first experience of a Norway fjord, and for myself I would have been content to go no further; have studied in detail the exquisite beauty which was round us; have made friends with the bonder and his household, and found out what they made of their existence under such conditions. There in epitome would have been seeing Norway and the Norwegians. It was no Arcadia of piping shepherds. In the summer the young men are away at the mountain farms, high grazing-ground underneath the snow-line. The women work with their brothers and husbands, and weave and make the clothes. They dress plainly, but with good taste, with modest embroidery; a handsome bag hangs at the waist of the housewife. There is reading, too, and scholarship. A boy met us on a pathway, and spoke to us in English. We asked him when he had been in England. He had never been beyond his own valley; in the long winter evenings he had taught himself with an English grammar. No wonder that with such ready adaptabilities they made the best of emigrants. The overflow of population which once directed itself in such rude fashion on Normandy and England now finds its way to the United States, and no incomers are more welcome there.

But a steam yacht is for movement and change. We were to start again at noon the next day. The morning was hot and bright. While the engineer was getting up steam, we rowed to the foot of the great fall. I had my small trout-rod with me, and trolled a salmon fly on the chance. There were no salmon there, but we saw brown trout rising; so I tried the universal favorites — a March brown and a red spinner — and in a moment had a fish that bent the rod double. Another followed, and another, and then I lost a large one. I passed the rod to X —, in whose hands it did better service. In an hour we had a basket of trout that would have done credit to an English chalk stream. The largest was nearly three pounds weight, admirably grown, and pink; fattened, I suppose, on the mussels which paved the bottom of the rapids. We were off immediately after, still guided to a new point by the chart, but not in this instance by the chart only. There was a spot which had been discovered the year before by the Duke of —, of which we had a vague description. We had a log on board which had been kept by the

duke's mate, in which he had recorded many curious experiences; among the rest, an adventure at a certain lake not very far from where we were. The duke had been successful there, and his lady had been very nearly successful. "We had grief yesterday," the mate wrote, "her Grace losing a twelve-pound salmon which she had caught on her little line, and just as they were going to hook it, it went off, and we were very sorry." The grief went deep, it seemed, for the next day the crew were reported as only "being as well as could be expected after so melancholy an accident." We determined to find the place, and, if possible, avenge her Grace. We crossed the Sogne and went up into the Nord Fjord — of all the fjords the most beautiful; for on either side there are low terraces of land left by glacier action, and more signs of culture and human habitations. After running for fifty miles, we turned into an inlet corresponding tolerably with the duke's directions, and in another half-hour we were again in a mountain basin like that which we had left in the morning. The cataracts were in their glory, the day having been warm for a wonder. I counted seventeen all close about us when we anchored, any one of which would have made the fortune of a Scotch hotel, and would have been celebrated by Mr. Murray in pages of passionate eloquence. But Strömen or "the Streams," as the place was called, was less solitary than Nord Gulen. There was a large bonder's farm on one side of us. There was a cluster of houses at the mouth of a river, half a mile from it. Above the village was a lake, and at the head of the lake an establishment of saw-mills. A gunshot from where we lay, on a rocky knoll, was a white wooden church, the Sunday meeting-place of the neighborhood; boats coming to it from twenty miles round bringing families in their bright Sunday attire. Roads there were none. To have made a league of road among such rocks and precipices would have cost the State a year's revenue. But the water was the best of approaches, and boats the cheapest of carriages. We called on the chief bonder to ask for leave to fish in the lake. It was granted with the readiest courtesy; but the Norsemen are proud in their way, and do not like the Englishman's habit of treating all the world as if it belonged to him. The low meadows round his house were bright with flowers: two kinds of wild geranium, an exquisite variety of harebell, sea-pride, pansies, violets, and



the great pinguicola. Among the rocks were foxgloves in full splendor, and wild roses just coming into flower. The roses alone of the Norway flora disappointed me; the leaves are large, dark, and handsome; the flower is insignificant, and falls to pieces within an hour of its opening. We were satisfied that we were on the right spot. The church stood on a peninsula, the neck of which immediately adjoined our anchorage. Behind it was the lake which had been the scene of the duchess's misfortune. We did not repeat our midnight experiment. We waited for a leisurely breakfast. Five of the crew then carried the yacht's cutter through fifty yards of bushes; and we were on the edge of the lake itself, which, like all these inland waters, was glassy, still, deep, and overhung with precipices. The bonder had suggested to us that there were bears among them, which we might kill if we pleased, as they had just eaten seven of his sheep. So little intention had we of shooting bears that we had not brought rifle or even gun with us. Our one idea was to catch the duchess's twelve-pound salmon, or, if not that one, at least another of his kindred.

In a strange lake it is well always to try first with spinning tackle, a bait trolled with a long line from the stern of a boat rowed slowly. It will tell you if there are fish to be caught; it will find out for you where the fish most haunt, if there are any. We had a curious experience of the value of this method on a later occasion, and on one of our failures. We had found a lake joined to an arm of a fjord by a hundred yards only of clear running water. We felt certain of finding salmon there, and if we had begun with flies we might have fished all day and have caught nothing. Instead of this we began to spin. In five minutes we had a run; we watched eagerly to see what we had got. It was a whiting pollock. We went on. We hooked a heavy fish. We assured ourselves that now we had at least a trout. It turned out to be a cod. The sea fish, we found, ran freely into the fresh water, and had chased trout and salmon completely out. At Strömen we were in better luck. We started with phantom minnows on traces of strong single gut, forty yards of line, and forty more in reserve on the reel. Two men rowed us up the shore an oar's length from the rocks. Something soon struck me. The reel flew round, the line spun out. In the wake of the boat there was a white flash, as a fish sprang into the air.

Was it the duchess's salmon? It was very like it, anyway; and if we had lost him, it would have been entered down as a salmon. It proved, however, to be no salmon, but a sea trout, and such a sea trout as we had never seen; not a bull trout, not a peel, not a Welsh sewin, or Irish white trout, but a Norwegian, of a kind of its own, different from all of them. It was the first of many which followed, of sizes varying from three pounds to the twelve pounds which the mate had recorded; fine, bold, fighting fish, good to look at, good to catch, and as good to eat when we tried them. Finally in the shallower water, at the upper end, a fish took me, which from its movements was something else, and proved to be a large char, like what they take in Derwent-water, only four times the weight. Looking carefully at the water we saw more char swimming leisurely near the surface, taking flies. We dropped our spinning tackle, and took our fly rods; and presently we were pulling in char, the blood royal of the salmonidæ, the elect of all the finned children of the fresh water, as if they had been so many Thames chub.

What need to talk more of fish? The mate's log had guided us well. We caught enough and to spare, and her Grace's wrongs were avenged sufficiently. We landed for our frugal luncheon—dry biscuits and a whiskey flask—but we sate in a bed of whortleberries, purple with ripe fruit, by a cascade which ran down out of a snow-field. Horace would have invited his dearest friend to share in such a banquet.

The next day was Sunday. The sight of the boats coming from all quarters to church was very pretty. Fifteen hundred people at least must have collected. I attended the service, but could make little of it. I could follow the hymns with a book; but copies of the Liturgy, though printed, are not provided for general use, and are reserved to the clergy. The faces of the men were extremely interesting. There was nothing in them to suggest the old freebooter. They were mild and gentle-looking, with fair skins, fair hair, and light eyes, grey or blue. The expression was sensible and collected, but with nothing about it specially adventurous or daring. The women, in fact, were more striking than their husbands. There was a steady strength in their features which implied humor underneath. Two girls, I suppose sisters, reminded me of Mrs. Gaskell. With the Lutheran, Sunday afternoon is a holiday. A yacht in such

a place was a curiosity, and a fleet of boats surrounded us. Such as liked came on board and looked about them. They were well-bred, and showed no foolish surprise. One old dame, indeed, being taken down into the ladies' cabin, did find it too much for her. She dropped down and kissed the carpet. One of our party wondered afterwards whether there was any chance of the Norwegians attaining a higher civilization. I asked her to define civilization. Did industry, skill, energy, sufficient food and raiment, sound practical education, and piety which believes without asking questions, constitute civilization; and would luxury, newspapers, and mechanics' institutes mean a higher civilization? The old question must first be answered, What is the real purpose of human life?

At Strömen, too, we could not linger; we stopped a few hours at Daviken on our way north, a considerable place for Norway, on the Nord Fjord. There is a bishop, I believe, belonging to it, but him we did not see. We called at the parsonage and found the pastor's wife and children. The pastor himself came on board afterwards—a handsome man of sixty-seven, with a broad, full forehead, large nose, and straight, grizzled hair. He spoke English, and would have spoken Latin if we had ourselves been equal to it. He had read much English literature, and was cultivated above the level of our own average country clergy. His parish was thirty miles long on both sides of the fjord. He had several churches, to all of which he attended in turn, with boats in summer, and I suppose the ice in winter. We did not ask his salary; it was doubtless small, but sufficient. He had a school under him which he said was well attended. The master, who had a State certificate, was allowed 25*l.* a year, on which he was able to maintain himself. We could not afford time to see more of this gentleman, however. We were impatient for Trondhjem; the engineer wanted coals; we wanted our letters and newspapers; and the steward wanted a washerwoman. On our way up, too, we had arranged to give a day or two to Romsdal, Rolf the Ganger's country—on an island in Romsdal Fjord the ruins can still be seen of Rolf's castle. It was there that Rolf, or Rollo as we call him, set out with his comrades to conquer Normandy, and produce the chivalry who fought at Hastings and organized feudal England. This was not to be missed; and as little, a visit which we had prom-

ised to a descendant of one of those Normans, a distinguished Tory member of the House of Commons, and lord of half an English county. He had bought an estate in these parts, with a salmon river, and had built himself a house there.

Romsdal, independent of its antiquarian interest, is geologically the most remarkable place which we saw in Norway. The fjord expands into a wide estuary or large inland lake, into which many valleys open and several large streams discharge themselves. Romsdal proper was once evidently itself a continuation of the Great Fjord. The mountains on each side of it are peculiarly magnificent. On the left Romsdal's Horn shoots up into the sky, a huge peak which no one has ever climbed, and will try the mettle of the Alpine Club when they have conquered Switzerland. On the right is a precipitous wall of cliffs and crags as high and bold as the Horn itself. The upper end of the valley which divides them terminates in a narrow fissure, through which a river thunders down that carries the water of the great central ice-field into the valley. From thence it finds its way into the fjord, running through the glen itself which is seven or eight miles long, two miles wide, and richly cultivated and wooded. From the sea the appearance of the shore is most singular. It is laid out in level, grassy terraces, stretching all round the bay, rising in tiers one above the other, so smooth, so even, so nicely scarfed, that the imagination can hardly be persuaded that they are not the work of human engineers. But under water the formation is the same. At one moment you are in twenty fathoms, the next in forty, the next your cable will find no bottom; and it is as certain as any conclusion on such subjects can be, that long ago, long ages before Rolf, and Knut, and the vikings, the main fjord was blocked with ice; that while the ice barrier was still standing, and the valleys behind it were fresh-water lakes, the rivers gradually filled them with a *débris* of stone and soil. Each level terrace was once a lake bottom. The ice broke or melted away at intervals. The water was lowered suddenly forty or fifty feet, and the ground lately covered was left bare as the ice receded. We found our Englishman. His house is under the Horn at the bend of the valley, where the ancient fjord must have ended. It stands in a green, open meadow, approached through alder and birch woods, the first cataract where the snow-water plunges

through the great chasm being in sight of the windows, and half-a-dozen inimitable salmon pools within a few minutes' walk. The house itself was simple enough, made of pine wood entirely, as the Norwegian houses always are, and painted white. It contained some half-dozen rooms, furnished in the plainest English style, the summer house of a sportsman who is tired of luxury, and finds the absence of it an agreeable exchange. A man cannot be always catching salmon, even in Norway, and a smattering of science and natural history would be a serviceable equipment in a scene where there are so many curious objects worth attending to. Our friend's tastes, however, did not lie in that direction. His shelves were full of yellow-backed novels — French, English, and German. His table was covered with the everlasting *Saturday Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Times*, and *Standard*. I think he suspected science as part of modern Liberalism; for he was a Tory of the Tories, a man with whom the destinies had dealt kindly, in whose eyes therefore all existing arrangements were as they should be, and those who wished to meddle with them were enemies of the human race. He was sad and sorrowful. The world was not moving to his mind, and he spoke as if he was *ultimus Romanorum*. But if an aristocrat, he was an aristocrat of the best type — princely in his thought, princely in his habits, princely even in his salmon fishing. The pools in the river being divided by difficult rapids, he had a boat and a boatman for each. The sport was ample but uniform. There was an ice cellar under the house where we saw half-a-dozen great salmon lying which had been caught in the morning. One salmon behaves much like another; and after one has caught four or five, and when one knows that one can catch as many more as one wishes, impatient people might find the occupation monotonous. Happily there was a faint element of uncertainty still left. It was possible to fail even in the Romsdal. We were ourselves launched in boats in different pools at the risk of our lives to try our hands; we worked diligently for a couple of hours, and I at least moved not so much as a fin. It was more entertaining a great deal to listen to our host as he declaimed upon the iniquities of our present Radical chief. Politics, like religion, are matters of faith on which reason says as little as possible. One passionate belief is an antidote to another. It is impossible to continue to

believe enthusiastically in a creed which a fellow-mortal with as much sense as oneself denies and execrates, and the collision of opinion produces the prudent scepticism which in most matters is the least mischievous frame of mind.

Here, too, in these pleasant surroundings we would gladly have loitered for a day or two; but the steward was clamorous over his dirty linen, and it was not to be. Trondhjem, on which our intentions had been so long fixed, was reached at last. The weather had grown cold again, cold with cataracts of rain. Let no one go to Norway even in the dog-days without a winter wardrobe. The sea-water in our baths was at 47°; we had fires in the cabin stove, and could not warm ourselves; we shivered under four blankets in our berths. The mountains were buried in clouds, and the landscape was reduced to dull grey mist; but the worst of weathers will serve for reading letters, laying in coal, and wandering about a town.

Trondhjem ought to have been interesting. It was the capital of the old Norse kings. There reigned the Olafs. It lies half-way up the Norway coast in the very centre of the kingdom, on a broad, land-locked bay. The situation was chosen for its strength; for a deep river all but surrounds the peninsula on which the town is built, and on the land side it must have been impregnable. The country behind it is exceptionally fertile, and is covered over with thriving farms; but streets and shops are wearisome, and even the cathedral did not tempt us to pay it more than a second visit. It is a stern, solid piece of building; early Norman in type, with doors, windows, and arches of zigzag pattern. It had fallen out of repair and is now being restored by the State; hundreds of workmen are busy chipping and hammering, and are doing their business so well that the new work can hardly be distinguished from the old. But Catholic Christianity never seems to have got any hearty hold on Norway. St. Olaf thrust it upon the people at the sword's point, but their imaginations remained heathen till the Reformation gave them a creed which they could believe. I could not find a single tomb in the cathedral. I inquired where the old kings and chiefs were buried, and no one could tell me. I found, in fact, that they had usually come to an end in some sea battle, and had found their graves in their own element. Olaf Trygvesson went down, the last survivor in the last ship of his fleet, the rays of the sunset flashing on his

armor as the waves closed over him. St. Olaf died in the same way. The entire absence of monumental stones or figures in the great metropolitan church of Norway is strange, sad, and impressive.

The town being exhausted, we drove a few miles out of it to see a foss, one of the grandest in the country. We said "Oh!" to it, as Wolfe Tone did to Grattan. But waterfalls had become too common with us, and, in fact, the excitement about them has always seemed exaggerated to me. I was staying once in a house in the north of New York State when a gentleman came in fresh from Niagara, and poured out his astonishment over the enormous mass of water falling into the cauldron below. "Why is it astonishing?" asked a Yankee who was present. "Why shouldn't the water fall? The astonishing thing would be if it didn't fall."

In short, we left the washerwoman in possession of the linen, which we could return and pick up when it was done, and we steamed away to examine the great Trondhjem Fjord; fishing and making bad sketches as the weather would allow. The weather generally allowed us to do very little, and drove us upon our books, which we could have read as well in our rooms at home. I had brought the "Elective Affinities" with me. I had not read it for thirty years. Then it had seemed to me the wisest of all didactic works. "Unconscious cerebration," as Dr. Carpenter calls it, when I read it again, had revolutionized my principles of judgment. I could still recognize the moral purpose. There are tendencies in human nature, like the chemical properties of material substances, which will claim possession of you, and even appear to have a moral right over you. But if you yield you will be destroyed. You can command yourself, and you must. Very true, very excellent; and set forth with Goethe's greatest power of fascination; but I found myself agreeing with the rest of the world that it was a monstrous book after all. To put the taste out I tried Seneca, but I scarcely improved matters. Seneca's fame as a moralist and philosopher was due, perhaps, in the first instance, to his position about the court, and to his enormous wealth. A little merit passes for a great deal when it is framed in gold—once established it would remain, from the natural liking of men for virtuous cant. Those lectures to Lucilius on the beauty of poverty from the greatest money-lender and usurer in the

empire! Lucilius is to practise voluntary hardships, is to live at intervals on beggars' fare, and sleep on beggars' pallets, that he may sympathize in the sufferings of mortality and be independent of outward things. If Seneca meant it, why did he squeeze five millions of our money out of the provinces with loans and contracts? He was barren as the Sahara to me. Not a green spot could I find, not a single genial honest thought, in all the four volumes with which I had encumbered myself. His finest periods rang hollow like brass sovereigns. The rain would not stop, so we agreed to defy the rain and to fish in spite of it. We had the fjord before us for a week, and we landed wherever we could hear of lake or river. For twelve hours together the waterspout would come down upon us; we staggered about in thickest woollen, with macintoshes and india-rubber boots. With flapped oilskin hats we should have been weatherproof, but with one of these I was unprovided; and, in spite of collars and woollen wrappers, the water would find its way down our necks till there was nothing dry left about us but the feet. Clothes grow heavy under such conditions; we had to take our lightest rods with us, and now and then came to grief. I was fishing alone one day in a broad, rocky stream fringed with alder bushes, dragging my landing-net along with me. At an open spot where there was a likely run within reach I had caught a four-pound sea trout. I threw again; a larger fish rose and carried off my fly. I mounted a "doctor," blue and silver, on the strongest casting-line in my book, and on the second cast a salmon came. The river in the middle was running like a mill-sludge. I could not follow along the bank for the trees; my only hope was to hold on and drag the monster into the slack water under the shore. My poor little rod did its best, but its best was not enough; the salmon found his way into the waves, round went the reel, off flew the line to the last inch, and then came the inevitable catastrophe. The fish sprang wildly into the air, the rod straightened out, the line came home, and my salmon and my bright doctor sped away together to the sea.

We were none the worse for our wettings. Each evening we came home dripping and draggled. A degree or two more of cold would have turned the rain into snow. Yet it signified nothing. We brought back our basketfuls of trout, and the Norwegian trout are the best in the

world. We anchored one evening in a chasm with the mountain walls rising in precipices on both sides. The next morning as I was lying in my berth I heard a conversation between the steward and the captain. The captain asked the orders for the day; the steward answered (he was the wit of the ship), "Orders are to stretch an awning over the fjord that his lordship may fish."

But the weather so far beat us that we were obliged to abandon Lofoden. We were now at the end of July, and it was not likely to mend, so we determined to turn about and spend the rest of our time in the large fjords of south Norway. Trondhjem had been our furthest point; we could not coal there after all, so we had to make for Christiansund on the way. I was not sorry for it, for Christiansund is a curious little bustling place, and worth seeing. It is the headquarters of the North Sea fishing trade near the open ocean, and the harbor is formed by three or four islands divided by extremely narrow channels, with a deep, roomy basin in the middle of them. One of our crew was ill and had to be taken for two or three days to the hospital. The arrangements seemed excellent, as every public department is in Norway. The town was pretty. The Norwegians dress plainly; but they like bright colors for their houses, and the red-tiled roofs and blue and yellow painted fronts looked pleasant after our clouds of mist. The climate from the proximity of the ocean is said to be mild for its latitude. The snow lies up to the lower windows through the winter, but that went for nothing. There were stocks and columbines in the gardens; there were ripe gooseberries and red currants and pink thorn and laburnum in flower. The harbor was full of fishing-smacks, like Brixham trawlers, only rather more old-fashioned. Gay steam-ferry boats rushed about from island to island; large ships were loading; well-dressed strangers were in the streets and shops; an English yacht had come like ourselves to take in coal, and was moored side by side with us. There are fewer people in the world than we imagine, and we fall on old acquaintances when we least expect them. The once beautiful — was on board whom I had known forty-five years ago. She had married a distinguished engineer, who was out for his holiday.

We stayed at Christiansund or in the neighborhood till our sick man was recovered, and then followed (under better auspices as regarded weather) ten days of

scenery hunting which need not be described. We went to Sondal, Lærdal, Nordal, and I don't know how many "dals," all famous places in their way, but with a uniformity of variety which becomes tedious in a story. One only noticeable feature I observed about the sheds and poorer houses in these out-of-the-way districts. They lay turf sods over the roofs, which become thick masses of vegetation; and on a single cottage roof you may see half-a-dozen trees growing ten or fifteen feet high. For lakes and mountains, however beautiful, the appetite soon becomes satiated. They please, but they cease to excite; and there is something artificial in the modern enthusiasm for landscapes. Velasquez or Rubens could appreciate a fine effect of scenery as well as Turner or Stansfield; but with them it was a framework, subordinate to some human interest in the centre of the picture. I suppose it is because man in these democratic days has for a time ceased to touch the imagination that our poets and artists are driven back upon rocks and rivers and trees and skies; but the eclipse can only be temporary, and I confess, for myself, that, sublime as the fjords were, the saw-mills and farmhouses and fishing-boats, and the patient, industrious people wrestling a wholesome living out of that stern environment, affected me very much more nearly. I cannot except even the Geiranger, as tremendous a piece of natural architecture as exists in the globe. The fjord in the Geiranger is a quarter of a mile wide and six hundred fathoms deep. The walls of it are in most places not figuratively, but literally, precipices, and the patch of sky above your head seems to narrow as you look up. I hope I was duly impressed with the wonder of this; but even here there was something which impressed me more, and that was the singular haymaking which was going on. The Norwegians depend for their existence on their sheep and cattle. Every particle of grass available for hay is secured; and grass, peculiarly nutritious, often grows on the high ridges two thousand feet up. This they save as they can, and they have original ways of doing it. In the Geiranger it is tied tightly in bundles and flung over the cliffs to be gathered up in boats below. But science, too, is making its way in this northern wilderness. The farmhouses, for shelter's sake, are always at the bottom of valleys, and are generally near the sea. At one of our anchorages, shut in as usual among the



mountains, we observed one evening from the deck what looked like a troop of green goats skipping and bounding down the cliffs. We discovered through a binocular that they were bundles of hay. The clever bonder had carried up a wire, like a telegraph wire, from his courtyard to a projecting point of mountain: on this ran iron rings as travellers which brought the grass directly to his door.

Twice only in our wanderings we had fallen in with our tourist countrymen: once at Lærdal, where a highroad comes down to a pier, and is met there by a corresponding steamer; the second time coming down from the Geiranger, when we passed a boat with two ladies and a gentleman, English evidently, the gentleman touching his hat to the Yacht Club flag as we went by. Strange and pleasant the short glimpse of English faces in that wild chasm! But we were plunged into the very middle of our countrymen at the last spot to which we went in search of the picturesque—a spot worth a few words as by far the most regularly beautiful of all the places which we visited. At the head of one of the long inlets which runs south, I think, out of the Hardanger Fjord (but our rapid movements were confusing) stands Odde, once a holy place in Scandinavian mythological history. There is another Odde in Iceland, also sacred—I suppose Odin had something to do with it. The Odde Fjord is itself twenty miles long, and combines the softest and grandest aspects of Norwegian scenery. The shores are exceptionally well cultivated, richer than any which we had seen. Every half-mile some pretty farmhouse was shining red through clumps of trees, the many cattle-sheds speaking for the wealth of the owner. Above through the rifts of higher ranges you catch a sight of the central ice-field glacier streaming over among the broken chasms and melting into waterfalls. At Odde itself there is an extensive tract of fertile soil on the slope of a vast moraine, which stretches completely across the broad valley. On the sea at the landing-place is a large church and two considerable hotels, which were thronged with visitors. A broad road excellently engineered leads down to it, and we found a staff of English-speaking guides whose services we did not require. We had seen much of the ice action elsewhere, but the performances of it at Odde were more wonderful even than at Romsdal. The moraine is perhaps four hundred and fifty feet high;

the road winds up the side of it among enormous granite boulders, many of them weighing thousands of tons, which the ice has tossed about like pebble stones. On reaching the crest you see a lake a quarter of a mile off; but before you come to it you cross some level fields, very rich to look at, and with patches of white-heart cherry-trees scattered about, the fruit, when we came there at the end of August, being actually ripe and extremely good. These fields were the old lake bottom; but the river has cut a dyke for itself through the top of the moraine, and the lake has gone down some twenty feet, leaving them dry.

The weather (penitent, perhaps, for having so long persecuted us) was in a better humor. Our days at Odde were warm and without a cloud, and we spent them chiefly by the lake, which was soft as Windermere. We had come into a land of fruit; not cherries only, but wild raspberries and strawberries were offered us in leaves by the girls on the road. The road itself followed the lake margin, among softly rounded and wooded hills, the great mountains out of sight behind them, save only in one spot where, through a gorge, you looked straight up to the eternal snow-field, from which a vast glacier descended almost into the lake itself, the ice imitating precisely the form of falling water, crushing its way among the rocks, parting in two where it met a projecting crag, and uniting again behind it, seeming even to heave and toss in angry waves of foam.

From this glacier the lake was chiefly fed, and was blue, like skimmed milk, in consequence. We walked along it for several miles. Fishing seemed hopeless in water of such a texture. As we turned a corner two carriages dashed by us with some young men and dogs and guns—cockneys out for their holiday. "Any sport, sir?" one of them shouted to me, seeing a rod in my hand, in the cheerful, familiar tone which assumed that sport must be the first and only object which one could have in such a place. They passed on to the hotel, and the presence of so many of our countrymen was inclining us to cut short our own stay. Some of the party, however, wished to inspect the glacier. We were ourselves assured that there were salmon in the lake, which, in spite of the color, could be caught there. It was the last opportunity which we should have, as after Odde our next move was to be Christiania. So we agreed to take one more day there and make the

most of it. We got two native boats, and started to seek adventures. Alas! we had the loveliest views; but the blue waters of Odde, however fair to look upon, proved as ill to fish in as at the first sight of them we were assured they must be. Our phantoms could not be seen three inches off, and the stories told us we concluded to be fables invented for the tourists. I, for my own part, had gone to the furthest extremity of the lake, where it ended in a valley like Borrodale. I was being rowed listlessly back, having laid aside my tackle, and wishing that I could talk to my old boatman, who looked as if all the stories of the Edda were inside him, when my eye was suddenly caught by a cascade coming down out of a ravine into the lake which had not been bred in the glaciers, and was limpid as the Itchen itself. At the mouth of this it was just possible that there might be a char or something with fins that could see to rise. It was my duty to do what I could for the yacht's cuisine. I put together my little trout-rod for a last attempt, and made my boatman row me over to it. The clear water was not mixing with the blue, but pushing its way through the milky masses, which were eddying and rolling as if they were oil. In a moment I had caught a sea trout. Immediately after I caught a second, and soon a basketful. They had been attracted by the purer liquid, and were gathered there in a shoal. They were lying with their noses up the stream at the furthest point to which they could go. I got two or three, and those the largest, by throwing my fly against the rocks exactly at the fall. X— came afterwards and caught more and bigger fish than I did; and our sport, which indeed we had taken as it came without specially seeking for it, was brought to a good end. The end of August was come, and with it the period of our stay in the fjords. We had still to see Christiania, and had no time to lose. But of all the bits of pure natural loveliness which we had fallen in with, Odde and its blue lake, and glacier, and cherry orchards, and wild strawberries has left the fairest impression; perhaps, however, only because it was the last, for we were going home; and they say that when a man dies, the last image which he has seen is photographed on his retina.

But now away. The smoke pours through the funnel. The steam is snorting like an impatient horse. The quick rattle of the cable says that the anchor is

off the ground. We were off, and had done with fjords. The inner passages would serve no longer; we had to make for open sea once more to round the foot of the peninsula. It is at no time the softest of voyages. The North Sea is not the home of calm sunsets and light-breathing zephyrs, and it gave us a taste of its quality, which, after our long sojourn in smooth water, was rather startling. If the wind and sea are ever wilder than we found them in those latitudes, I have no desire to be present at the exhibition. We fought the storm for twenty-four hours, and were then driven for refuge into a roadstead at the southern extremity of Norway near Mandal. The neighborhood was interesting, if we had known it, for at Mandal Mary Stuart's Earl of Bothwell was imprisoned when he escaped from the Orkneys to Denmark. The dungeon where he was confined is still to be seen, and as the earl was an exceptional villain, the authentic evidence of eyesight that he had spent an uncomfortable time in his exile would not have been unwelcome. But we discovered what we had lost when it was too late to profit by our information. We amused ourselves by wandering on shore and observing the effect of the change of latitude on vegetation. We found the holly thriving, of which in the north we had not seen a trace, and the hazel bushes had ripe nuts on them. There was still a high sea the next day; but we made thirty miles along the coast to Arendal, an advanced, thriving town of modern aspect built in a sheltered harbor, with broad quays, fine buildings, and a gay parade. It was almost dark when we entered; and the brilliant lights and moving crowds and carriages formed a singular contrast to the unfinished scenes of unregenerate nature which we had just left. The Norse nature, too, hard and rugged as it may be, cannot resist the effect of its occupations. Aristotle observes that busy sea towns are always democratic. Norway generally, though republican, is intensely conservative. The bonders who elect the representatives walk in the ways of their fathers, and have the strongest objection to new ideas. Arendal, I was told, sends to Parliament an eloquent young Radical, the admired of all the newspapers. There is, I believe, no likelihood that he will bring about a revolution. But there is no knowing, when the king is an absentee. We spent one night at Arendal. In the morning the storm had left us, and before sunset we were at anchor at Christiania.

It was Sunday. The weather was warm, the water smooth, the woody islands which surround and shelter the anchorage were glowing in gold and crimson. Christiania, a city of domes and steeples, lay before us with its fleets of steamers and crowded shipping. Hundreds of tiny yachts and pleasure-boats were glancing round us. There is no sour Sabbatarianism in Norway. One of the islands is a kind of Cremorne. When night fell the music of the city band came floating over the water; blue lights blazed and rockets flashed into the sky with their flights of crimson stars. It was a scene which we had not expected in these northern regions; but life can have its enjoyments even above the sixtieth parallel.

There is much to be seen in Christiania. There is a Parliament house and a royal palace, and picture-galleries and botanical gardens, and a museum of antiquities, and shops where articles of native workmanship can be bought by Englishmen at three times their value, and ancient swords and battleaxes, and drinking-horns and rings and necklaces, genuine, at present, for all I know to the contrary, but capable of imitation, and likely in these days of progress to be speedily imitated. If the holy coat of Trèves has been multiplied by ten, why should there not be ten swords of Olaf Tryggveson? But all these things are written of in the hand-book of Mr. Murray, where the curious can read of them. One real wonder we saw and saw again at Christiania, and could not satisfy ourselves with seeing; and with an account of this I shall end. It was a viking's ship; an authentic vessel in which, while Norway was still heathen, before St. Olaf drilled his people into Christianity with sword and gallows, a Norse chief and his crew had travelled these same waters, and in which, when he died, he had been laid to rest. It had been covered in with clay which had preserved the timbers. It had been recovered almost entire — the vessel itself, the oars, the boats, the remnants of the cordage, even down to the copper cauldron in which he and his men had cooked their dinners; the names, the age, the character of them all buried in the soil, but the proof surviving that they had been the contemporaries and countrymen of the "Danes" who drove the English Alfred into the marshes of Somersetshire.

Our yacht's company were as eager to see this extraordinary relic as ourselves. We went in a body, and never tired of going. It had been found fifty miles

away, had been brought to Christiania, and had been given in charge to the university. A solid weather-proof shed had been built for it where we could study its structure at our leisure.

The first thing which struck us all was the beauty of the model, as little resembling the old drawings of Norse or Saxon ships as the figures which do duty there as men resemble human beings. White, of Cowes, could not build a vessel with finer lines, or offering less resistance to the water. She was eighty feet long, and seventeen and a half feet beam. She may have drawn three feet, scarcely more, when her whole complement was on board. She was pierced for thirty-two oars, and you could see the marks on the side of the rowlocks where the oars had worn the timber. She had a single mast, stepped in the solid trunk of a tree, which had been laid along the keel. Her knee timbers were strong; but her planks were unexpectedly slight, scarcely more than half an inch thick. They had been formed by careful splitting; there is no sign of the action of a saw, and the ends of them had been trimmed off by the axe. They had been set on and fastened with iron nails, and the seams had been carefully caulked. Deck she had none — a level floor a couple of feet below the gunwale ran from stem to stern. The shields of the crew formed a bulwark, and it was easy to see where they had been fixed. Evidently, therefore, she had been a warship; built for fighting, not for carrying cargoes. But there was no shelter, and could have been none; no covered fore-castle, no stern cabin. She stood right open fore and aft to wind and waves; and though she would have been buoyant in a seaway and in the heaviest gale would have shipped little water, even Norsemen could not have been made of such impenetrable stuff that they would have faced the elements with no better protection in any distant expedition. That those who sailed in her were to some extent careful of themselves is accidentally certain. Among the stores was a plank with cross-bars nailed upon it, meant evidently for landing on a beach. One of our men, who was quick at inferences, exclaimed at once: "These fellows must have worn shoes and stockings. If they had been barelegged they would have jumped overboard and would not have wanted a landing-plank."

I conclude, therefore, that she was not the kind of vessel of which the summer squadrons were composed that came down

our English Channel, but that she was intended either for the fjords only, or for the narrow waters between Norway and Sweden and Denmark at the mouth of the Baltic. Her rig must have been precisely what we had been lately seeing on the Sogne or Hardanger; a single large sail on a square yard fit for running before the wind, or with the wind slightly on the quarter, but useless at a closer point. The rudder hung over the side a few feet from the stern, a heavy oar with a broad blade and a short handle, shaped so exactly like the rudders of the Roman vessels on Trajan's column, that the Norsemen, it is likely, had seen the pattern somewhere and copied it.

Such is this strange remnant of the old days which has suddenly started into life. So vivid is the impression which it creates, that it is almost as if some Sweyn or Harold in his proper person had come back among us from the grave. If we were actually to see such a man we should be less conscious perhaps of our personal superiority than we are apt to imagine. A law of compensation follows us through our intellectual and mechanical progress. The race collectively knows and can execute immeasurably greater things than the Norsemen. Individually they may have been as ready and intelligent as ourselves. The shipwright certainly who laid the lines of the viking's galley would have something to teach as well as to learn in the yard of a modern yacht-builder.

But enough now of Norway. Our time was out; our tour was over; we seated ourselves once more on our wishing carpet, and desired to be at Cowes; we were transported thither, with the care and almost the speed with which the genius of the lamp transported the palace of Aladdin; and we felt that we had one superiority at least which the viking would have envied us.

J. A. FROUDE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### JEWISH TALES AND JEWISH REFORM.\*

THE enterprise of travel, the facilities of communication, and the literary activity of the present age, have so far revealed every corner of Europe to the public, that they may well be amazed to find that they have still been left in comparative ignorance of the political and

social condition, the modes of thought, and the manners and customs of several millions of their fellow-beings who inhabit the Continent, with which they are supposed to be so familiar. The recent persecution of the Jews in Russia, the grievances of the same race in Roumania, and the *Judenhetze* of Germany, have called special attention to the position occupied by this people, more especially in the east of Europe; and the ready sale which the works of Sacher Masoch, of Bernstein, of Komperts, and of Franzos, have met with, shows that an interest has been excited among Christians as well as among the Jews of the West in the political, moral, and material condition of their Eastern co-religionists, which, had the real facts of the case been known sooner, would doubtless have been long since evoked.

Karl Emil Franzos's last volume, "The Jews of Barnow," which has been admirably translated by Miss Macdowall of Garthland, presents a most vivid and pathetic picture of life among the Jewish population of the small Podolian town in which the scene is laid, and which — though he calls it Barnow — if I mistake not, I passed through about twenty years ago on my way from Tarnopol to Zaleszczyki. Barnow, in fact, lying, as our author says it does, on the road from Skala to Lemberg, and about three hours north of the town with the almost unspellable name beginning with Z, which I will spare my readers the attempt to pronounce a second time, if it be not altogether imaginary, can be none other than Czortkow. I see, in a late review of this work, that the writer, who assumes Barnow to be Tarnow, takes Mr. Franzos to task for calling the district in which it is situated Podolia instead of Galicia; but the Jews of eastern Galicia always called that part of the province which is now Austrian Podolia by its old name, and indeed there is little to distinguish the Ghetto of a town here from one in Russian Podolia. We see the same curls and caftan, we hear the same jargon, and it is only when we get farther into the interior of Russia that we begin to find that the characteristics of the Russian Jew vary in some respects from those of his Polish brother. Among Jews themselves, Polish Jews are the least esteemed; but they are not on that account the less interesting as a study, and we must take into consideration their antecedents if we would do full justice to their present condition.

\* The Jews of Barnow: Stories by Karl Emil Franzos. Translated by M. W. Macdowall. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1882.

When, after an interval of nearly twenty years, I again visited the east of Galicia, I was struck with a marked improvement which had taken place among the Jews, owing to the enlightened policy which has characterized the Austrian administration of this province since it has been granted almost complete local independence. The legal disabilities which press so heavily upon Jews in Russia and Roumania do not exist here. They enjoy equal rights and privileges with other subjects of the empire. The Reichstag at Vienna is open to them as well as the local House of Assembly at Lemberg. They have taken so skilfully advantage of the privilege of holding land, that the small peasant properties are rapidly falling into their hands, and the Christian owners who have become ruined through their own improvidence are not unfrequently to be found cultivating, as day-laborers for the Jew proprietors, the farms which they themselves formerly possessed. The Christian schools are largely attended by Jewish children, and in the principal towns ultra-orthodoxy is fast losing its hold on the inhabitants. At Lemberg, for instance, the Kultus Gemeinde, which controls the affairs of the community, is practically in the hands of the liberal or advanced party, while the majority of the population are orthodox or Chassidim. It is against the bigotry and oppression of this narrow sect, whose influence, the farther east we get, becomes more powerful, that Mr. Franzos points the moral of his stories. Animated by that sincere love of his race which is the characteristic of all Jews who have not become demoralized by social and material success in the United States or the corrupt centres of the most advanced civilization, he dwells with an intense sympathy on the benighted condition of his co-religionists who are still held in the bondage of mediæval superstitions, and he portrays with a most touching pathos the terrible injustices and self-inflicted miseries to which a combination of "ignorance, credulity, and intense devotional sentiment have given rise. Those who have come much in contact with the orthodox Eastern Jew must recognize in these tales the sensation which is felt far more acutely under the sphere of their personal influence. It is like entering some gloomy moral cavern; and taken in combination with the sufferings which they are still called upon to endure from Christian prejudice in some countries, and their crushed attitude generally, pro-

duces an effect of depression which at last becomes almost intolerable to one not of their own race, and not therefore trained to meet it. Mr. Franzos has done good service in presenting these pictures not merely to Christians but to Western Jews, — for a Jew who has never left England knows as little of orthodox Ghetto life in a Podolian town, and would be almost as much out of sympathy with the methods of the religious practice of their inhabitants, as any other Englishman.

To some of these, Mr. Franzos's stories must come as a revelation. Such, for instance, is that most skilfully told and pathetic of all, "Nameless Graves," where it is discovered that a woman, proud of her hair, had concealed it, with the connivance of her husband, on her wedding-day, instead of being cropped or shaved before her marriage wig was put on, as is the custom. When this is accidentally discovered, and the husband still refuses to comply with the regulation and sacrifice the locks of his wife, the punishment of the "great *cherem*," or excommunication, is inflicted upon him. *Cherem* is simply a Jewish mode of boycotting, and is prohibited by the Austrian law, as is not to be wondered at when we read our author's description of the penalty which it entails.

Whoever is thus excluded from the congregation is outlawed by them, and it is regarded as a good deed to do him as much harm as possible, both socially and in his business relations. Neither he nor anything that belonged to him might be touched except in enmity; his presence could only be permitted with the object of doing him an injury. *Cherem* loosens the holiest ties, and what in other cases would be a terrible sin, is under such circumstances regarded as a sacred duty. The wife may forsake her husband, the son may raise his hand against his father. It is a war of all against one, — a merciless war in which all means of attack are admissible. No love, no friendship, can venture to break down the barrier of excommunication, contempt, and loathing that encompasses the culprit. It is a fate too awful to contemplate — a punishment terrible enough to break the most iron will. He who falls under this ban generally hastens to make his peace with the Rabbi on any terms, however humiliating.

It thus follows that the thralldom of orthodox regulation may easily become more potent with a Jew than the law of the land, with which it perpetually comes into collision; and the State is as powerless to protect a Jew against persecution for a breach of religious observance by his own co-religionists, as one Jew is to



protect another against the persecutions of the Russian government. It is this power, exercised socially irrespective of the laws of the land, which constitutes a serious and legitimate grievance against the Hebrew communities on the part of Christian administrators; it is this rabbinical *imperium*, exercised in the civil *imperio*, which gives rise to complaints against the Jews in countries where the governments are most anxious to deal fairly with them. It is difficult to accord equal political rights to a people who are a law unto themselves, and resist all social incorporation; and it is in order to break down this barrier, and so deprive Christians of the pretext which it affords of political exclusion, that the more enlightened Jews oppose the views and practices of the orthodox party, as well as to relieve them from superstitions which operate not merely against their intellectual development, but tend to increase the burden of their sorrow. Thus the learning of high German, the study of profane literature, the very alteration of the costume from the caftan and curls to that of the ordinary citizen, is a heinous offence in the eyes of the strictly orthodox; and the rabbis of the sect, who know that their influence depends upon the degree of ignorance which can be maintained in their congregations, sternly set their faces against innovations which may tend ultimately to emancipate them from their thralldom. This influence culminates in the veneration, almost amounting to adoration, paid to the rabbi of Sadagóra—a personage frequently mentioned in the tales of Mr. Franzos, but the nature of whose influence can best be judged of by the remarkable tale called "The Child of the Atonement." This tale has, moreover, an especial interest, as illustrating one of the most characteristic doctrines of the ancient Jewish faith.

The cholera visited Barnow, and threw the people into consternation. And then the thought occurred to them—a fearful and crushing thought, and yet it brought comfort. Was not their God a God of vengeance? Was he not a jealous God, who exacted, for every offence, a fearful and inexorable atonement? And now, when He caused the evil and the good to suffer alike, was it not probably because the wicked sinned, and the good allowed their sins to pass unpunished?

"We will purify ourselves," the suffering people cried aloud in their agony. "We will seek the offender in our midst, and by his punishment we will atone, and save ourselves from the wrath of God. . . ."

And they purified themselves. . . .

A tribunal was formed by the people—an awful court, which tried in secret, judged in secret, and punished in secret. It was stern and inexorable in the execution of its decrees, and no one could escape from it. It "vindicated God's holy name," and caused the hour of retribution to strike for many criminals who had evaded the laws. But with how much innocent blood had these fanatics stained their hands! Deeds were done in those dark days of madness and terror that chill the blood, and make the historian who attempts to describe them, falter.

The pestilence became more and more terrible. The few doctors that remained folded their hands. They could not alleviate the suffering of the people, far less could they save their lives.

Men ceased to persecute each other for real or imaginary sins. The growing burden of misfortune took away their spirit, and made them faint-hearted. They even prayed no longer; a mediator had to pray for them.

The intercessor they chose was the Rabbi of Sadagóra, a little town in Bukowina. This man was called the "wonder-worker," on account of all that he had done, or was supposed to have done, for the people. To him the Podolian Jews turned in their dire necessity, imploring him to save them, by beseeching God in his own name—a powerful name; for it was believed that from his race the Redeemer was to spring; and it was said that he had upon the palms of his hands the stamp of the royal line of David. This mark was the outline of a lion imprinted upon the skin, and it was a sign that his mission was from God. Money and precious gifts were collected, and were given to the Rabbi to insure his intercession with God; even the poor gave all that they possessed.

The disinterested Rabbi promised to help the people. "You have all sinned against God," he said, "and you must all do penance."

He made a calendar of the days of expiation, and the days of fasting and mortification were punctually kept. Fear of death insured the fulfilment of all his injunctions. It may sound incredible, but it is literally true, that during this time the whole Eastern Jewish population only ate and drank every second day.

The rabbi of Sadagóra, regarding whom I shall have more to say presently, prescribed the forced marriages of a couple in each community in the local burying-ground. These marriages were called marriages of atonement. The cholera came again, and the man died who was married in the Barnow burial-ground, having previously lost two children. Then the rabbi of Sadagóra said "that the people they had dedicated to God did not please him, so their children died. Now the man has died as a sin-offering for you all. If the woman has another child, it will also only live to be a sin-offering." So when some years after, the rumor

went abroad that the cholera was coming a third time, the local rabbi went to the unhappy widow, who had a child then lying mortally ill of a fever, and told her that her child was doomed, because it was the child of atonement, and the rabbi of Sadagóra had predicted that if the cholera came again its death alone would save the people, — on which her nature revolts against the doctrine. "You want to be just," she indignantly exclaims, "and yet you demand that an innocent child should expiate your sins by its death." Still public feeling is so strongly pronounced on the subject, that she feels that her only chance is to go to Sadagóra to beg for the life of her child, and on that unhappy mission she sets forth.

The influence which Mr. Franzos attributes to the rabbi of Sadagóra is by no means exaggerated, though it is strange that so little should be known about him outside the countries over which that influence extends. It is some years since I first heard of the existence of this individual, but sought in vain to have my curiosity gratified in regard to him among Jews in western Europe. No one that I asked about him had ever heard of him. It was only at Vienna, as I approached the sphere of his influence, that I could gain any information, and then only to hear him spoken of in terms of contempt. A man, however, who wields an absolute spiritual control over the consciences of at least three millions of people — probably many more — I felt to be worthy of a visit; and as my route at any rate led me to his neighborhood, I determined to turn aside for that purpose. The town of Sadagóra — containing some four or five thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews — is situated about five miles from Czernowitz, the capital of the Austrian province of Bukovine, and not far from the Russian frontier. Hither from all parts of Austria, Poland, Russia, and Roumania, flock pilgrims to consult the holy man, to lay presents at his feet, to ask his advice, and receive the oracular responses which have procured for him the name of "the Wonder Rabbi." This appellation, and the vast stores of wealth which his miraculous pretensions obtained, were in fact chiefly earned by the present rabbi's father, who appears to have been a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and a certain mysticism of character calculated to impress the masses. His claims to be of direct descent from the house of David, as well as those attaching to his special gifts, are generally denied by the more liberal and

enlightened of the Jewish communities, and even by many of the rabbis of the neighborhood, who use the strongest language in regard to them. On the other hand, some of the most influential rabbis in Russia, Galicia, and Roumania, are his devoted adherents, and indeed would lose all credit with their congregations if they threw any doubt upon his pretensions. I have met persons of very moderate views and liberal practices who, while they would not themselves submit to his influence, nevertheless consider the rabbi's acceptance of the offerings made him as perfectly legitimate, who have given him the highest character for benevolence and personal charity, who regard his piety as perfectly genuine, and whose opportunities of judging of it have probably been quite equal to, if not greater than, those enjoyed by Mr. Franzos.

As I had given notice of our intended visit, the rabbi sent his own carriage for us — a handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of valuable horses, with coachman and groom with caftan and curls. As such incidents as the visit of a Christian and his wife to the Wonder Rabbi are rare, news of the event had got abroad, and when we reached Sadagóra we found the streets densely crowded with Jews, who compactly filled the whole courtyard of the large oblong building in which the rabbi resides. Here we were received by a group of young men, all in rigidly orthodox costume, but scrupulously clean and neat. These were the sons and sons-in-law of our host. We were led by them into the hall, where several ladies were standing, their young, and in some instances pretty, faces sadly disfigured by the heavy black wigs which came low down upon their foreheads. These took charge of my wife, while I was accompanied by my entertainers to a large and gorgeously upholstered apartment where heavy embroideries, handsome furniture, and costly decorations attested the wealth of the owner. Here I sat and conversed for some time before the great rabbi himself made his appearance, preceded by two functionaries, who ushered him in with great respect, all rising and remaining standing, very much as though in the presence of royalty. The trays upon which the refreshments were shortly afterwards served, and the vessels which contained them, were of solid gold, and the whole establishment was conducted upon a scale of opulence and grandeur for which I was totally unprepared. The Herr Gross Rabbiner himself was a man

with a white beard, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, who conversed intelligently on the subject of the condition and prospects of the Russian Jews; but as I did not call on him in order to test his powers of divination, my visit did not enlighten me on that point. What I did desire to substantiate was the fact of his influence, and of that I have obtained indisputable evidence. That it is widespread there is also little doubt. Quite recently I fell in with a rabbi from Palestine, where he habitually lives. I found that he was conversant with all the incidents of my visit, and he assured me that the influence of the rabbi of Sadagóra was as great in Palestine as in Russia, and extended to Bokhara, to which country he was then himself bound.

As the rabbi is by no means the only individual I have come across in the course of my life claiming to have higher gifts than those of ordinary mortals, and as I am convinced that in some instances these persons were sincere,—and it would be rash, therefore, to assume that such specially endowed persons were all impostors,—I am by no means prepared to pass any opinion upon the claims of the rabbi.

A curious illustration of the sentiment which is entertained towards him came to my own notice not long since, when a young Jew of my acquaintance had occasion to receive ten florins from him. He was offered immediately afterwards a hundred florins for the money which had been sanctified by having been in such sacred keeping—an offer with which my friend, in whose eyes it did not possess any such mysterious value, willingly closed, thus turning the superstition of his co-religionist to immediate pecuniary account, and proving that, so far as the purchaser was concerned, the religious sentiment, however perverted, was stronger in the Jew than the love of money. Indeed, in this respect, notwithstanding his reputation to the contrary, the Jew compares favorably with the Christian. Money-making and prayer-making are the pursuits of all civilized people in certain proportions; but prayer-making with the orthodox Jew is a far more absorbing occupation than even with the orthodox Christian, who, besides money-making, indulges in politics and science, in book-making, love-making, and fame-making in various ways, all more or less to the detriment of his religious aspiration, and all denied to the Eastern Jew, to whom all careers of ambition are closed, and

whose thoughts are necessarily divided between his Talmud and his pocket, but who, it is fair to say, as a rule, puts, according to his lights, his spiritual before his material interests. Were it not so, he would be a more easily converted individual than he is, considering the great inducements which are held out to conversion, and the advantages which Jews obtain, just in the degree in which they are ready to waive their religious prejudices. I am sorry to say that several instances have come to my notice in which distinct bribes have been offered to Jews, especially by Protestants, to abandon their religion and be baptized; and I have known these offers resisted, when nothing short of absolute starvation seemed the inevitable consequence. I have said that love-making even was denied to the orthodox Jews. Nearly all Mr. Franzos's stories illustrate this peculiarity of their customs, and several of them are specially designed to portray the unhappy results, particularly the first two. All marriages are arranged by the parents; and in the majority of instances no other sentiment than that of mutual respect and esteem enters into the even current of their lives. "They were happy enough," says our author of one such couple whose happiness was destined to be disturbed, however, by the intrusion of an attractive Christian.

They were contented with their lot, and were happy enough. Happy enough,—why were they not quite happy? Because they did not love one another. They knew nothing of love, except that Christians, previous to marriage, fell in love, and what concern had a Jew in Christian usages? They were happy enough, and their married life seemed firmly founded on esteem for each other, and on their common interests and work.

It is not always so, however, and the lives of Jewish women, who cannot feel this respect and esteem for the husband they do not love, are as miserable as those of other women similarly situated, but they rarely seek the same consolations. The cases of unfaithful Jewesses are especially rare among the orthodox—but they suffer all the more acutely, says one of Mr. Franzos's characters, bitterly alluding to this state of things.

Yes, you are rich, and have the right to do as you will. You have therefore arranged that you should have a rich son-in-law. The girl is now nine years old; in six or seven years time you will give her to the wealthiest and most pious youth of the district, or perhaps to a widower, who is even richer and more pious.

She will not know him—but what of that? She will have plenty of time to make his acquaintance after marriage. Then she will probably fear him or hate him, or else he will be indifferent to her. But what of that? What does the Jewish woman want with love? What more does she need but to love God, her children, and—let me not forget to mention it—her little possessions?

The education of the orthodox Jewess is as a rule confined to learning to cook, to pray, and to count. This is enough for the house, for heaven, and for life. "When a Jewess girl knows how to pray," has come to be a proverb among these stern-natured men, "she needs nothing more to make her happy." The consequence is, that both among the men and the women the suppressed yearning of their affections finds expression in a passionate devotion to their children. No doubt many married couples do become strongly attached to each other after marriage, for by temperament they are intensely affectionate people; but considering how limited their opportunities for enjoyment are, it seems a gratuitous and self-imposed addition to the gloom of their condition to forbid these young people the natural expansion of their hearts, and sternly prohibit them from falling in love with each other. The argument that the orthodox are among the most virtuous women in the world, because they *don't* marry for love—opens up invidious comparisons with countries where the same practice exists with a very different result. The real cause of their virtue under such a trying ordeal is to be found in the strength of their devotional sentiment, and in the powerful moral hold which their religion exercises over their consciences.

The philosophical question which here arises is, whether, when you let in the light upon the ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, of which Mr. Franzos draws such a gloomy picture, you do not weaken the influences by which people are held? When you emancipate women entirely from the thralldom of that religious bondage which appeals to the affectional and emotional part of their nature, and which causes them, so to speak, to hug the chains by which they are bound, you never improve their morality. Law without love is better than love without law; and this consideration carries us further, and opens up the whole region of speculation suggested by Mr. Franzos's interesting book. To the narrow bigotry and superstitious regard for religious observance

of the Chassidim, he attributes mainly the degradation of his race in those countries where they predominate, and where persecution is most rife. The ecclesiastical opposition to all knowledge in many instances only leads the more aspiring spirits to seek it secretly, and in their search after intellectual enlightenment they become victims to the dangers of the illicit pursuit.

As the twilight [he remarks] is more eerie than complete darkness, so a half education is more dangerous than absolute ignorance. Darkness and ignorance alike lay a bandage over the eyes, and prevent the feet from straying beyond the threshold of the known. Knowledge and light open the eyes of man, and enable him to advance boldly on the path that lies before him; while half-knowledge and twilight only remove part of the bandage, and leave him to grope about blindly, perhaps even cause him to fall.

The question is, whether knowledge and light arrived at by a partly intellectual process *do* open the eyes of man to moral truths, or whether the highest truth does not need the development of the affectional qualities in man? whether the love of good as a dominant instinct must not be the guide of the intellect in its search for truth? whether brain progress, irrespective of heart progress, leads to any good at all? whether, when you do away with the requirements of the moral law, even though they be associated with bigotry and superstition, before you have found a higher moral code to substitute for it, and allow the intellect to run riot without the moral restraints furnished by the conscience, even though the conscience be darkened, you do not run a greater risk than by adhering to the old paths? Sooner or later the religious instinct will become dissatisfied with these,—it will outgrow the standards of its theology, and in its craving for light and search for higher good will come to perceive the fallacies by which it has been held in bondage; but it will not be in the lucubrations of speculative philosophers that it will find relief. The only test of the value of knowledge of this description is in the life which it produces.

If intellectual culture invariably produced the highest moral results, there might be something to be said for it. But in practice we do not find the centres of civilization morally so much in advance of less enlightened countries, that we can be encouraged to believe in the effect of knowledge *per se* as a remedy for the moral disease of the world. The Jews of

Barnes, so far as a sincere acting up to their highest moral convictions is concerned, are probably more conscientious than those of either Petticoat Lane or Mayfair — and true religion consists not in a high condition of intellectual enlightenment, but in being thoroughly honest and uncompromising in the endeavor to realize the highest aspirations of the soul, even though it be a groping one deprived of intellectual culture. Civilization does not tend to this uncompromising honesty, but rather to that sham of it which has a distinctly prejudicial effect upon the character. Viewed from this standpoint, even superstition has its uses, — and while there is something infinitely pathetic in the blind groping or unreasoning obedience of a conscience misled by superstition, there is more ground for solid hope than in one which has been deadened by a release from all moral restraints, excepting such as have been suggested by an enlightened and selfish expediency. The Chassidim, like the bigoted sects among Christians, and especially among Romanists, cling to the ceremonials and superstitions of their religion, because they dread the spread of that rationalism to which the Jew is especially susceptible. And while they admit that it may make him a more successful man, and possibly a happier one, because it tends to remove causes of persecution, and enables him to assimilate more easily with the people among whom he lives — experience has not proved that it improves his morality. That there is much need among the Jews of religious reform is however admitted amongst the most orthodox. Conversing not long since with an Eastern Jew, learned in the mysteries of the Kabbalah, upon the existing state of Islam, he maintained that its present decaying condition arose largely from the fact that Mohammedans had fallen away from the original conception of their religion; and to my surprise he went on to say, "The same has been the case with Christians and with Jews; all three religions need a reform. And it is certain that if Mohammed, Christ, and Moses were to reappear upon earth, they would be the first to proclaim this fact." The elements of this reform, he maintained, were to be found in the mysteries of the Kabbalah, which Western Jews have long since repudiated as a study. To find a group of Jews who still devote themselves to the examination of its esoteric philosophy, we have to go to Baghdad, where the most learned of the sect are congregated. Thus do the ex-

trêmes meet; and thus, while we find Mr. Franzos, who represents the most enlightened thought of his modern co-religionists, calling out for reform from his point of view, does the same cry issue from a band of mystics, representing what he would call the superstitions of the Dark Ages.

It has been this instinct for a reform which might be found under new conditions, which has given rise throughout Russia and Roumania to that agitation in favor of a return to the Holy Land, which has attained during this year such large proportions. It is a mistake to suppose, as the Western Jews who have shown themselves opposed to this movement maintain, that the result of such an exodus would be an increase of rabbinical influence, and a lapse into the bondage of a still narrower superstition than that by which the Eastern Jews are already held. Exactly the opposite effect would be produced by their emancipation from the social and political thralldom in which they are now enslaved in Russia and Roumania.

So long as an independent national existence is denied to the Jews, so long will they cling to the prejudices which have kept them separate as a people among the various nations of the world. It has been due to that very tenacity of ancient observances, to that rigid adherence to ceremonial rites, which Mr. Franzos so bitterly deprecates, that they have been able to maintain their distinct racial character amid all vicissitudes and all persecutions; but once secure for them an independent national existence, and the moral emancipation will follow as a matter of course. And I know rabbis of the Chassidim who would be the first to give it its impetus; but it would not necessarily be in the direction of the modern rationalism. There is room in the East for a higher moral growth which should correspond with, and even avail itself of, the higher intellectual growth of the West; and it is to a new nationality — the only nationality in the world whose name possesses a purely religious significance — that we must look for this development. Any scheme for the solution of the Jewish difficulty which tends to break down the barriers separating the Jews from the rest of the world, until they have formed themselves into a nation apart, and are strong and united enough materially to evolve into new and higher moral and social conditions, must inevitably tend to frustrate this consummation.



It is not to those scattered broadcast over America, nor to the wealthy and luxurious classes in western Europe, that we must look for the moral regeneration of the race. The tendency there is all in the opposite direction: it is to the assimilation of their ideas intellectually with the rational, and what is called the "advanced," thought of Christendom. As an illustration of this tendency, I may mention the formation of a Jewish sect in the French colony of Algiers, who style themselves "les libres penseurs Israelites," and who outraged their fellow-Jews, and inaugurated their free-thought, by giving a banquet on the solemn Day of Atonement.

The Judaism of to-day [writes a Western Jew, lamenting the religious indifference of his co-religionists] to the great majority of its adherents, is nothing more than a tribal bond worn for social purposes. They are born Jews and remain Jews, simply for fear of being ostracised by their friends, and relations. They cluster round Judaism like barnacles round a ship's keel, but are no more Jews, if judged by Rabbinical Judaism—which, I suppose, is our Index—than the barnacles are sailors, if judged by the Admiralty code. In fact, Judaism is observed by the many just as it suits the individual.\*

At the same time, the discussion to which Mr. Claude Montefiore's recent paper has given rise in Jewish circles, affords ample evidence of the craving which exists among the more earnest minds in the West for such an adaptation of the spirit of their creed as should meet the aspirations of their co-religionists; and if any assurance could be given them that the restoration of the Jewish race from the countries of their bondage to the land of their ancestors would really result in a religious development which should benefit humanity, there can be no doubt that both among Western Jews and Christians the strongest possible encouragement and support would be given to a movement in this direction. At present they have no assurance that conditions exist under which any such new nationality could be created successfully, nor, if it were created, that the moral and religious results would be such as I have ventured to predict.

In regard to the first point, we shall probably not have to wait above a year for a complete revolution in the constituent national elements in the East. The conquest of Egypt by England means

the disintegration of the Asiatic dominions of the Ottoman Empire. If Egypt becomes independent of Turkey, it becomes the leading independent Arab state—the country destined to lead a Pan-Arabic movement against the Ottoman power—a movement which, according to a prophecy current throughout north Africa, is destined to spread from one T. to the other—from Tangiers in Morocco to Tripoli in Syria. That one of the first countries which must be affected by an independent Egypt is Palestine, which lies on its borders, is certain; that it must of necessity become the pivot upon which the destinies of the adjoining countries must turn, is no less self-evident. As our policy in Egypt develops,—as, under the pressure of circumstances, it is inevitably bound to develop, the assurances of the government notwithstanding,—with the virtual administration of the country by England, the national susceptibilities of France, Russia, and Italy, already strained almost beyond bearing, will find active expression. Compensations will be demanded which must infallibly be the prelude to conferences, or wars, or both; when the European powers will have to consider French claims in regard to Syria, Italian claims to Tripoli, Russian claims to Armenia, and the problem of Palestine and the holy places will present itself as the first for solution. We shall not therefore have long to wait before the fate of Palestine will become a burning European question, and it is in anticipation of this contingency that it is desirable that the public mind should be familiarized with the idea—the only one which will probably be found practical, regard being had to the jealousies existing among European powers on the subject,—of neutralizing the Holy Land under a European guarantee. But for this purpose it is necessary that it should be erected into a nationality; and this, in the absence of any local population worthy the name, can only become possible by the transference to it of the race to whom it formerly belonged.

The sacred associations which are attached to this consummation naturally here present themselves, as they exist so strongly both among Jews and Christians that they cannot be disregarded, if we would consider the question in all its bearings. It is singular that while I have found among Western Jews an inclination to shrink from this aspect of the subject, and even to oppose a movement tending to a reoccupation of their own country by

\* *Jewish Chronicle*, Oct. 6, 1882.

the Jews, on the ground that Providence does not need human instruments to carry out his designs — in itself a fallacy — I have found no such feeling among Eastern Jews, who all recognize the fact that if Palestine is to be reoccupied, it must be by their own efforts. The circumstance that the Bible contains prophecies predicting such a restoration has indeed been one of the principal reasons urged by enlightened Jews why it should not be attempted by practical organizations in a rational manner. According to them, God will bring it about in his own way, and at his own time, and all they have to do is to sit still and wait. I should rather have expected to have heard this not very enlightened view propounded by a fanatical member of the Chassidim; but quite the contrary, they are fully prepared to act in the matter as reasonable beings, and do not expect miracles to be performed in their behalf — at least, none of those with whom I have conversed on the subject have such an anticipation. The fact that prophecies on the subject exist, however, does not seem to me to add weight to the suggestions which I have here ventured to offer, and which would hold good whether they existed or not. A Western Jew once remarked to me that Christians looked in the Bible, found a prophecy, and then said, "Oh, here is a prophecy, let us go and fulfil it." The converse of this proposition, which was the one apparently acted upon by my friend, is, "Oh, here is a prophecy, *don't* let us go and do this thing, for fear if we do, we shall fulfil it," — and so he set his face against any effort to restore the Jewish race to the Holy Land. The only sound and safe way to look at the question is irrespective altogether of what may be the human interpretation of mystical utterances fifteen hundred years old; and, if it is a good thing in itself, try and accomplish it. At the same time it is not to be denied that the religious motive based upon the interpretation of certain passages of Scripture operates strongly in the minds of a certain class of Christians who have interested themselves in the movement, no less than with a certain class of Jews. I have heard a sermon preached in a Christian church on the subject of the Jewish restoration to Palestine, on the same text taken from a chapter in Isaiah which I have heard read in a Jewish synagogue in Galicia, upon which the rabbi preached a sermon in exactly the same sense as the Christian priest; and I have been surprised to find that far less scruple existed

among the orthodox about taking money to assist the movement than among the Western Jews, — but this no doubt arises largely from the fact that the former are apparently so much more eager for the accomplishment of the prophecy than the latter, that they wisely refrain from looking a gift horse in the mouth. I have found among them, nevertheless, strong suspicious of conversion projects underlying Christian munificence in this matter, which is not to be wondered at considering the aggressive tendency of certain missionary societies, and the means which are sometimes resorted to, and which have come to my personal knowledge, for making converts; and this has been taken advantage of by persons opposed to the movement to alarm their co-religionists — as it appears to me, quite unnecessarily. If there were any moral obligation incumbent upon Jews forming a colony with the assistance of Christian funds to become Christians, subscriptions from Christians to the Mansion-House Committee and other relief associations for the refugees the other day should have been refused. A colony of forty-five families has already been organized by the "Syrian Colonization Fund," of which the president, Lord Shaftesbury, is also president of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. At the request of the rabbi, his lordship purchased for the colony a handsomely bound scroll of the law, which, in his unavoidable absence, was presented to the rabbi by Lady Strangford, and the former on the occasion read an appropriate chapter in Hebrew from the Bible. It must be admitted that the rabbi of a highly orthodox congregation, receiving on behalf of that congregation a copy of the Torah from the president of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, is an extremely novel and most significant event. If no conversions result from it — and it rests with the Jews themselves to see that they don't — a very valuable precedent will have been created, which will go far to destroy the existing prejudice against taking subscriptions from Christians for the establishment of Jewish colonies in Palestine.

It is likely, however, that this colony, which is to be established in north Syria, together with another consisting of two hundred and eighty-eight families, organized by the Central Committee of Roumania, representing forty-nine sub-committees, and which has started for land selected for them on the plain of Hotin, near Lake Tiberias; and a third, the land

for which has been purchased by Mr. Lewontin, president of the Russian Society of the "Advanced Guard;" and a fourth, consisting of Russian students, who have selected land in Syria,—will all find serious obstacles thrown in their way by the Turkish government, which is firmly opposed to colonization in any part of Syria or Palestine. And it is not until the changes to which I have alluded alter entirely the existing conditions, that in my opinion any colony should be attempted to be established in either of those countries, for fear of their being overtaken by disaster, in the by no means improbable event of this region becoming a theatre of war.

In regard to the second branch of the question,—whether, supposing these changes to have taken place, and a Jewish nationality located, it would develop new moral and religious life?—I would ask those familiar with the Ghettos of eastern Europe whether it is possible to conceive of them transferred in all their hideous squalor to the land of promise? whether, when they felt that the day of their destiny had arrived, a new spirit would not seize their crushed and long-suppressed inhabitants? whether, with the consciousness of a new-born national existence, a new life would not be infused into them, under the stimulus of which the whole habits of their existence, which have, in fact, grown out of the exigencies of their position, would become revolutionized? and whether it would be possible for them to enjoy this material freedom without the impetus to a corresponding moral emancipation? whether the new-found energies, which would have to be called out in the development of the natural resources of the country, in the creation of an administration, in the expansion of commercial enterprise, would still submit to the rabbinical trammels which Mr. Franzos so eloquently describes? Can he imagine that when this young nationality was framing its laws, it would take those of the Ghetto of Barnow without reforming them?

The peculiarity of the Mosaic law is, that it is at once a religious and an administrative system, applicable to the conditions which existed twenty-four hundred years ago. Is it likely, on the one hand, that the new nationality will attempt to apply it literally now; or, on the other, inasmuch as its very essence is religious, that it will leave out the religious element altogether, and not rather that, keeping its religious basis, they will seek so to

adapt and modify it as to suit existing conditions? And what will this amount to but religious reform?—and more than this, a religious reform founded upon the truest principles? In this "Jewdom" possesses the great advantage over Christendom, that it does not, like the latter, draw a wide distinction between secular and religious life, but makes them inseparable. In Christendom laws are made for the protection of society irrespective of any sacred code—upon principles of enlightened selfishness. But the Jews believe that the laws which regulate their daily lives are from God, to such an extent that, as I have already said, the complaint made against them in this very Podolia of which Mr. Franzos writes is, that where the laws of the land conflict with their own code, they obey the latter. In their struggle to evolve a religious code in consonance with that delivered to them by Moses, but adapted to the wants and exigencies of the present day, what more likely than that, in their search for divine guidance, they should evolve a new and higher ethical standard which should be the rule of their daily lives? and what other nationality exists of whom the same conjecture can be made? It remains, of course, merely a conjecture, but it is one based upon possibilities such as are supplied by no other race in the world. Therefore I say, that given the political chances of this new nationality becoming the only practical solution open to Europe of a great difficulty; and given the especial moral conditions owing to the Jewish application of divine laws to daily life under which it must of necessity be founded,—it becomes the duty of every Jew who has the welfare of his people at heart—nay, more, of every man who is animated by the love of humanity—to consider whether this is a subject from which he can lightly turn aside, or whether it may not, in fact, be so pregnant with momentous issues to society at large, that those who are penetrated with their importance should shrink from no sacrifices in order to bring it about.

That the best Jewish minds are much exercised on this subject of reform is clear, not merely from Mr. Franzos's book, and from Mr. Montefiore's article, but from the efforts which have been made in this direction in America. Here, however, owing to the conditions under which it has been attempted, the nature of the surroundings and the exigencies of existence which Jews are called upon to meet, it has proved worse than an utter

failure, and has only resulted in a tendency towards gross materialism and infidelity. The *American Hebrew*, a leading New York Jewish newspaper, in an article on this subject headed "A New Departure," writes as follows:—

At last European Jews seem to awaken to the fact that Judaism is not, on the one hand, a toy to be used with childish caprice, nor, on the other hand, a fossil fit only to be placed in a museum of antiquities, but rather a living reality, which has entered, and must continue to enter, into the lives of men and women, making them better for its entrance. The *Jewish Chronicle*, which voices the best Jewish thought of Europe, finally realizes that much of the "Shulchan Aruch" has outlived itself, and must be remodelled to suit the demands of our modern life. In this conclusion the *Chronicle* is in unison with American Hebrews—at least, those who desire more the permanent weal of Judaism than the temporary convenience of Jews; and with the *Chronicle* to lead the movement, it will acquire an accession of strength everywhere. Two facts stare us in the face with a pertinacity that will not down. The first of these is that the so-called Reform movement is a failure; that it does not prevent an alienation from Judaism of the flower of our Jewish youth; that they who should constitute our bone and sinew have not been brought into accord with us either in thought or deed. The other is, that fossilized Judaism is as repugnant to cultured Jews as reform is insufficient and illogical. Between these two facts, and while the ministers of each party are widening the schism, Judaism is fast losing its hold on the hearts and minds of the young. In New York, however it may be elsewhere, every infidel orator draws a larger attendance of Jews than any synagogue or temple. Let us not deceive ourselves. This picture is true, and the sooner we understand it the better it will be for us. The remedy can lie only in a readaptation of Judaism—a reform, not only of ritual, which is secondary, but a fundamental reform as broad and comprehensive as the spirit of Judaism will permit—a reform which shall make Judaism really progressive. The time is past for haphazard destruction. We must have, and speedily, else will it be too late, a convention of Jewish scholars who shall represent all Judaism, who must consider the transitory state in which we now are, and must legislate wisely and well if Judaism shall maintain its historic place.

Here, then, we have the Jews, on the one hand, calling for "a fundamental reform as broad and comprehensive as the spirit of Judaism will permit," and admitting, on the other hand, that the reform which has been attempted in a country

where the laws for daily life do not pretend to have a divine origin, is "insufficient and illogical," and that "in New York, however it may be elsewhere, every infidel orator draws a larger attendance of Jews than any synagogue or temple." And yet, on the ground that Russian Jews needed enlightenment and civilizing, more than twenty thousand of them were sent by their western co-religionists to be scattered over the United States, to pick up advanced ideas from the lips of the infidel orators here alluded to. I do not for a moment mean to insinuate that the effort was not one of a perfectly pure and disinterested philanthropy. If it was mistaken, the error arose from an insufficient knowledge of the conditions which were awaiting the emigrants, and under the pressure of which so many hundreds have been returning. But when the author of the article above quoted suggests, as the machinery for this much-needed reform, "a convention of Jewish scholars, who shall represent all Judaism," he makes as great a mistake as his co-religionists who sent the refugees to America, if he thinks that such a convention will make "Judaism a living reality, which has entered, and must enter into the lives of men and women, making them better for its entrance." Erudition does not necessarily make good living; moral needs are not to be met by scholastic learning. It is in the effort of social reconstruction that these daily experiences occur which tell people what their moral needs are. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory in such matters; and in the struggle consequent upon the evolution of a new nationality, based upon a religious moral code, will be acquired such knowledge of how to incorporate morality in the daily lives of men, as no convention of scholars collected from all the countries of Christendom could ever imagine or suggest. Therefore I again insist that the great panacea for the race is to throw it upon its own national instincts and religious aspirations, and to trust to these for developing a higher moral and social life in accordance with its industrial, political, and administrative requirements. Let this conviction be shared in by those who now, by their great wealth, mainly control the destinies of the people, and they will have it in their power ere long to inaugurate a reform which shall be neither "insufficient nor illogical."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## RESEMBLANCES IN LITERATURE.

FITZOSBORNE has somewhere said that modern Latin poems put him in mind of Harlequin's snuff, collected by borrowing a pinch from each man he met, and retailed to his customers under the pompous title of "Tabac de milles fleurs." In recurring to classical authors, gentlemen of Fitzosborne's day had the precedent of Tacitus, full of reminiscences of Horace's odes, or in their own country and in verse of George Herbert, whose "*Pro Supplici Evangelicorum Ministrorum in Angliâ*" regularly winds up with a Horatian phrase. But in each of these precedents there was something that should have warned modern snuff-makers they were not to be haphazard followed. Tacitus has snipped his pinches, but without detriment to the thought he was already working out, so that they have dropped into his composition and become part of it. And for Herbert, though something akin might readily be urged, his poached particles were probably intended rather to show that he had been visitant in the high regions whence they came, than to throw ridicule and satire on even the author of the "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria." Still, in these cases, as the granicules of now milder, now more pungent snuff passed from the hands of men not ashamed to lend into and through Harlequin's, and took their place in Harlequin's box, moulded into the *tabac*, just as his plastic wit adjudged, so with Tacitus, and in a fair sense with Herbert; what they have taken has become their own, been gathered of their own diligence, sifted and arranged by their own intellectual powers, and presented in a form indistinguishably and essentially one. But has it been always so? The proportion of borrowed matter leads one to fear not—to fear that thought and imagery, asported not appropriated, seized but unassimilated, have been used where the author's concern with them has been nothing more than that they are included in a compilation, whose subscription attests at once the riffer and his want of skill. And why? Merely because to the copier there must always have appeared, and must always appear, something attractive in what he reproduces; while there can seldom have been, and can seldom be, the fitness arising out of association with his immediate subject and context, or out of exact harmony with the scope of thought individually his, which

alone can justify the reproduction. Wherever beauty or power is seen, let the world by all means be gladdened by its perpetuation or increase—and through the agency of him whose merit it is to have perceived the beauty or the power; but will the world be gladdened, will a right be wisely exercised, unless there is observed conformity to a principle pervading true imitation in, not literature alone, but all the arts?

There is difficulty in the precise formulizing of the principle, but its nature is readily understood; the thing itself is not at all remote. It is seen crystallizing whatever is of genius in the sculptured Hercules of the ancients; in the painted Menippus of Velasquez; in the fugues of Bach; the "Barbier de Seville" of Beaumarchais; or in the garden whose cultivated, luxuriant richness mocks the tutored bush and geometrical parterre, or the *human* pantomime, or such a parody as Mr. Calverley's "Arcades Ambo," or such a character as David Copperfield, or such maxims as Rochefoucauld's, or such descriptive pieces as are many of Sir Walter Scott's. The thing presented may be specific—instinct, electric with the peculiar and the individual: for cognizance by man it *must* have form; but the production is not worthy if, consciously or unconsciously—the unconsciousness is often nothing less than the rapidity of genius—the artist's mind has not discerned and proceeded on *apt generalization*. There is indeed, we know, a something which passes as imitation, and has its merit and mechanical skill; but its unvarnished name is copying. And it is to this that Aristotle refers when in his "Rhetoric" he says: "Everything is pleasant which has been correctly imitated, although the original object of which it is the imitation may not in itself be pleasant, for one does not feel pleasure on that account, but there is an inference that 'this means that,' and thus it happens we learn something."

If, then, there is a universal principle that imitation in all the arts is only properly carried out after generalization—the particular form which the imitator seeks as his exponent being determined by the thing on which he is engaged—there is importance, no doubt, in attention to it in its application to literature. The importance lies in this: that since in the original the idea will be found embedded in all its peculiarities, if the writer is unable to perform the generalization, and fix the expression proper to the place in which



he uses the idea, his different context will give the peculiarities of the writer he copies, no longer modified by their proper context, an exaggeration, with this result — that instead of idealization, the issue of highest genius, there will be unintended caricature, the hardly yielding evidence of inability or carelessness. Should we, in what follows, not recurrently apply the rule now stated, it will be merely because we are of no doubt that the wit of the reader will unerringly apply it, and thus give its true connection to what may seem somewhat out of joint.

Rapin says of Terence, who himself is modest, —

Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male  
Ex Græcis bonis, Latinas fecit non bonas, —

that he wrote in a manner "et si naturelle, et si judicieuse, que de copie il est devenue origine." This is exactly the reverse of what Boileau has affirmed concerning writers who revolve forever about themselves, "D'un original on fait une copie." But the *ratio* of the dicta is one. And it is in closest harmony, as well with the enunciated proposition as with the rule of Condillac, that the art of writing well consists in tolerating nothing which is not in association with what precedes. Take an example. Cowley, in what he conceived and misconceived to be his masterpiece, is laboring to impress upon us the bottomlessness of the bottomless abyss. It is, he says,

Beneath the dens where unfecht tempests lie,  
And infant winds their tender voices try.

Now what does Young, so many of whose "Night Thoughts" had been by others already brought to the light of day, make of this? Why, careless of sublimity, he bids us "elance our thought"

above the caves

Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,

And tune their tender voices to that roar.

It had served equally well if, bidding one examine a star, he had desired him to look above the ditch. The example, however, is not yet to be lost. There was nothing very meritorious in Cowley's performance, however it may compare with Young's; and this Dryden perceived. In his "Macfiecknoe" he accordingly throws it into ridicule: —

A nursery erects its head,

Where queens are formed, and future heroes bred;

Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and cry,  
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Where infant punks their tender voices try,  
And little Maximins the gods defy.

Mrs. Barbauld, mistaking the parody for serious poetry, big with thought and prediction, transferred it to her rhymes addressed to some grammar school: —

Its modest front it rears,

A nursery of men for future years;

Here infant bards and embryo statesmen lie,

And unfledged poets short excursions try, —

unless, indeed, she was in part inspired by Shenstone's "Schoolmistress": —

Nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!

E'en now sagacious foresight points to show

A little bench of heedless bishops here, —

And there a chancellor in embryo,

Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,

As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!\*

Ah! would that writers would bear in mind the advice given by Swift in his "Letter to a Young Poet"! Do you not use the ancients "as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own, which is an effect of great judgment, and thought difficult, yet very possible, without the scurvy imputation of filching. For I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbor's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own." The distinction is just. The doctrine of traduction, *ut lumen de lumine*, applies not only to souls. One does not object when Ben Jonson sings, —

I sent thee late a rosy wreath.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

And sent it back to me.

Since which it grows and smells, I swear,

Not of itself, but thee,

because Martial had more tersely said, —

Intactas, quare mittis mihi, Pollo, coronas?

A te vexatas malo tenere rosa.

But here the song has its entirety; the one thought makes it. There is no question of any awkward, *unprepared* sentiment — so suggestive of adoption from an outside source. But *when* it is otherwise — that is, suggestive — a single instance, all the better if free from any biasing

\* Isaac Disraeli thought there was more than casual likeness between this passage of Shenstone and the reflection in Gray's "Elegy": — "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest," etc.

contention of mere plagiarism, makes plain. In Mrs. Edward Liddell's recently published "Songs in Minor Keys"—a volume cheerful in its simplicity, and with a power of peering beneath the surface, especially in natural objects—is a piece called "The Outlook." The second verse runs thus:—

On the old window-sill she leans,  
Her warm hands pressed upon the stone;  
The tall carnations breathe their prayer  
Of fragrance on the evening air,  
And soon for Day the skies shall weep,  
Passed gently to the realms of sleep.

To the last two lines it has been objected, and properly, that "the bright sky of starlight does not weep for a bright day passed, nor is it in any sense appropriate to the subject of the picture to represent the sky as likely to weep for the passing of the day." But what, so far as the authoress is concerned, was the true cause of this blemish, has not been perceived. It lies in the fact that the image of the lines is borrowed. In the ninth book of "Paradise Lost," Milton has this beautiful thought:—

Sky lowered, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original,

which Wordsworth (of nice acquaintance with whose writings Mrs. Liddell discovers many instances), in contrasting imagination and fancy, opposes to a conceit attributed to Lord Chesterfield:—

The dews of the evening most carefully shun;  
They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

But this mode of transplantation is practised in respect of nothing more than the simile. At times the foreign flower (or shrub) is so tended as to appear indigenous; at others it attracts, but only to its withered life: better far were it that, unseen forever, it had shed its leaves about its native bed. All this is illustrated in the history, previous and subsequent, of that celebrated passage in the "Essay on Criticism," which concludes, —

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

"The comparison," says Samuel Johnson, "of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. . . . [It] has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take

faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension and elevates the fancy." As Warton pointed out, the simile and the panegyric belong to Drummond:—

All as a pilgrime who the Alps doth passe.

When he some heaps of hills hath over-went,  
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,  
Till, mounting some tall mountaine he doth  
finde

More heights before him than he left behinde.

But whether Pope's or Drummond's, the "Essay" was hardly published before the "Spectator" (who chagrined Dennis by praising the "Essay" much about this time) is found making use of it: "We are complaining," the writer says, "of the shortness of life, and are yet perpetually hurrying over the parts of it, to arrive at certain imaginary points of rest. . . . Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these. . . . Are we not marking out new points of rest, to which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps, who should fancy that the top of the next hill must end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before." The simile no doubt passed through many hands before it became the possession of that gentleman who literally translated his "*Contrat Social*" from Huber's "*De Jure Civitas*," Libri iii. and indulged in several other similar vagaries. In the fourth book of "*Emile*," Rousseau discovers that all conquerors are not killed; all usurpers do not fall victims to their designs. On the contrary, he says, to the populace these evil-doers oftentimes seem happy; but he who, challenging appearances, judges of happiness by piercing to the heart, will trace sorrows in the midst of their successes: "Il verra leurs désirs et leurs soucis ronger s'étendre et s'accroître avec leur fortune; il les verra perdre haleine en avançant, sans jamais parvenir à leurs termes; il les verra semblables à ces voyageurs inexpérimentés qui, s'engageant pour la première fois dans les Alpes, pensent les franchir à chaque montagne, et, quand ils sont au sommet, trouvent avec découragement de plus hautes montagnes au-devant d'eux." Few could hope to vie with Jean Jacques in turning an affiliated idea to honor and advantage: Sir Walter Scott was not among them. By 1808 the

successes of Napoleon had impressed the most resolute of his enemies that it was not the will of Providence they should continue to resist their predestined master. "Austerlitz," wrote his knightly biographer, anxious to fulfil his engagements with "the great Napoleon of the realms of print," "had shaken their constancy; Tilsit destroyed it; and with few and silent exceptions, the vows, hopes, and wishes of France seemed turned on Napoleon as her heir by destiny. Perhaps he himself, only, could finally have disappointed their expectations. But he was like the adventurous climber on the Alps, to whom the surmounting the most dangerous precipices and ascending to the most towering peaks only shows yet dizzier heights and higher points of elevation." What with indifferent English, and the notion misapplied, really the poet of the Pelicans is not materially worse:—

Ocean, breaking from its black supineness,  
Drowned in his own stupendous uproar all  
The voices of the storm beside: meanwhile  
A war of mountains raged upon his surface;  
Mountains, each other swallowing; and again  
New Alps and Andes, from unfathomed valleys  
Upstarting, joined the battle.

Quite in another spirit is the use made by Sir John Herschel, in the introduction to his "Outlines of Astronomy," of this (to borrow an expression from Perrault) long-tailed comparison:—

No man can rise from ignorance to anything deserving to be called a complete grasp of any considerable branch of science, without receiving and discarding in succession many crude and incomplete notions, which, so far from injuring the truth in its ultimate reception, act as positive aids to its attainment by acquainting him with the symptoms of an insecure footing in his progress. To reach from the plain the loftiest summits of an Alpine country, many inferior eminences have to be scaled and relinquished; but the labor is not lost. The region is unfolded in its closer recesses, and the grand panorama which opens from aloft is all the better understood and the more enjoyed for the very misconceptions in detail which it rectifies and explains.

It would be a curious problem in the doctrine of chances, worthy of the mathematico-literary tastes of the late Professor De Morgan, to ascertain what is the likely number of these authors, who, if Drummond had not put "Alps" first in his category of mountains, or if Pope had not pitched on Alps, would have supplied some other range: the general structure of their sentences would no doubt have been the same.

Indeed a well-addressed simile so admirably embodies a truth, and is so communicative of it, that where one has to deal with a subject the cardinal point of which has been so presented, he would be unjust to those he offers to teach in repressing it. And if he be a man of weight, he will not need the authority of the name of its originator to support it. Accordingly, Hazlitt, though he has not, like Coleridge, either in his "Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age," or in any other work, translated Schlegel wholesale, has yet, in the delivery of one of these lectures, seen well to appropriate a passage from the German critic's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," thus rendered by Mr. Black: "The Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey or the Church of St. Stephen at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakespeare." This, Hazlitt has at once condensed and adapted to his audience with admirable skill: "Sophocles differs from Shakespeare as a Doric portico from Westminster Abbey." But clearly as an idea must be seized before it is pithily expressed, where an author has and uses the power of expanding without enervating, the grasp is as decisive and the invention more in play. Here, with the critic most resolved for the just distribution of literary fame—perhaps here alone—the lips that, the justness of that distribution threatened, open but to crush, must be set wide to praise.

Hesiod describes the rise of Aphrodite from the sea, and tells that

where her delicate feet  
Had pressed the sands, green herbage flower-  
ing sprang.

Persius, in characteristic close-set words, refers to the tradition in making the superstitious grandam pray that the footsteps of her cradle-child may press the springing rose: "Quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat." But Ben Jonson revels in the thought. He knows how lingering is melancholy joy, and will have us, in "Sad Shepherd," to perceive how appetizing is this reflection to a sorrowed mind:—

Here she was wont to go, and here, and here,  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets  
grow,  
The world may find the spring by following  
her,  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left,  
And where she went the flowers took thickest  
root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

In the "Ode to Duty," Wordsworth, though with exquisite choice of words, does not approach the older singer. For he suffers himself to call before the reader's mind another and as rich a source of floral birth:—

Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads.

A later writer has returned to the older thought. Dr. Westland Marston calls his piece, "Three Dreams of Death." The dreams are related by a girl in her last illness to her betrothed:—

What heralds sent  
From self-subsisting affluence of light  
Visit our pensioned world? O happy pair!  
Beneath our steps are crushed the casual  
flowers  
Which theirs bequeath as memories.

Butler, seizing the comic aspect of the episode, finds in it irony directed against lovers' praises of their mistress:—

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet.\*

Thus is there broad application of what, upwards of two centuries since, Rymer said of a dramatist, to whom we have already so referred as to show the good sense of his remark: "I cannot be displeased with honest Ben, when he chuses rather to borrow a melon of his neighbor, than to treat us with a pumpon of his own growth."

Among the things to be learnt from tracing the same thought in various writers, and noting the resembling closeness of its vestures, are these—which of his predecessors a writer read, and in what spirit he read or studied them. The influence on one of an appreciated writer is recognized; such influence has led in great measure to the formation of distinctive schools. In writing a life of Goethe, it was therefore found well to examine the entries at public libraries that showed what books he had perused. And it is evident that if we know the self-chosen masters, we know something of those that have learned from them. No man who is great is utterly self-stocked; and however

resource and vigor of mind and soul may mould the objective as it presses upon us, the nature of the objective influence is material. It is, then, markedly in this point, more strongly even than in that already instanced, that the principle of true imitation, the study of plagiarisms, and the study of the history of literature, are connected. "We are indebted," says "January Searle," in speaking of the difference in manner obtaining between Emerson's earlier and later essays, "we are indebted to Montaigne for this change in Emerson's style and mode of thought. It is clear that Emerson has studied him, that he has to some extent adopted his scepticism, and become more catholic than he was wont to be." The mention of Montaigne suggests a number of names—the names of those who, in one form or another, have reproduced some part of the thoughts loosely lying but richly scattered there. Nothing could better illustrate his relation to later literature than the manner in which his treasures (mostly borrowed, and from Plutarch and from Seneca) have been used by Pascal, Sterne, Emerson, and Prior; and at the same time, of the characters of these four men there are reflections, not much broken, in the modes in which their works present the thoughts derived through him. To turn to the last of the batch. "If Prior's poetry be generally considered," Johnson has said, "his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention: his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images or single conceits, are not always his own. I have traced him among the French epigrammatists, and have been informed that he poached for prey among obscure authors." What a correspondence there is between the first part of this judgment and the remainder! It was even closer than Johnson supposed; for the design of the longer pieces was no more original than was that of the shorter. Thus "Alma," the philosophy of which has provoked sufficient praise from Dugald Stewart, is an expansion of some lines in Montaigne on "Drunkenness," professedly not his: "The natural heat first seats itself in the feet, that concerns infancy; thence it mounts into the middle region, where it makes a long abode, and produces, in my opinion, the sole true pleasure of human life—all other pleasures, in comparison, sleep. Toward the

\* In Dr. Percy's "Essay on the Metre of Piers Plowman's Visions," an old poem called "Death and Life" is given as a specimen of alliterative versification. In a description of "Our Lady Dame Life," of exceptional beauty, occur the following lines:—

"And as she came by the bankes, the boughes eche one  
They lowted to that ladye and layd forth their  
branches:  
Blossoms and burgens breathed full sweete,  
*Flowers flourished in the frith where she forth  
stepped.*  
And the grasse that was gray grened belee."

end, like a vapor that still mounts upward, it arrives at the throat, where it makes its final residence, and concludes the progress." Now compare what Matthew explains to Richard as "my scheme:—"

My simple system shall suppose  
That Alma enters at the toes;  
That then she mounts by just degrees  
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees,  
Next, as the sap of life does rise,  
She lends her vigor to the thighs;  
And, all these under-regions past,  
She nestles somewhere near the waist;  
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,  
As we shall show at length hereafter.  
Mature, if not improved by time,  
Up to the heart she loves to climb;  
From thence compelled by craft and age,  
She makes the head her latest stage.

There are three circumstances confirming the suggestion that Prior — effectively enough, it must be allowed — has borrowed from the essayist: (1.) The alternative title of "Alma" is "The Progress of the Mind;" the concluding word of the passage quoted from Cotton's translation. (2.) When Prior inquired of Pope what he thought of his "Solomon," and Pope insisted in reply on the merits of "Alma," Prior pooh-poohed him. (3.) We know that Prior was familiar with Montaigne, for we find him writing verses in a copy of his works. But if Prior could philosophize on a hint by the page, he could follow one couplet in another; and Alleyne, the author of a poetical history of the times of Henry VII., having said, —

For nought but light itself, itself can show,  
And only kings can write what kings can do,

Prior could vary the conceit, and retain its prettiness:—

Your music's power, your music must disclose,  
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Facts, however, culled from the natural outside world — and the truth common to Alleyne and Prior is one of them — do belong to the great general magazine of thought. "Poussin is not accused of plagiarism for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both hands at the death of Germanicus, because Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter — judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at the sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil." And the spirit of the criticism extends to whatever has found expression in proverbial form. Epigrammatical force

makes his the line Wordsworth is conveying to posterity, —

The child is father to the man.

It is not unoriginal, because Dryden had already said, —

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
because Pope had said, —

The boy and man an individual makes;  
because Lloyd had said, —

For men, in reason's sober eyes,  
Are children but of larger size;

because Mallet had said, —

She kissed the father in the child;  
or because in France the sentiment had for two centuries been recognized, —

C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,  
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.\*

One of the most curious results comparison of authors tends to show is, that the world is better than its literature would tell. The result is well marked. To all but ultra-pessimistic philosophers it is pleasant. There is a Chinese saying that marble for being polished is no whit less cold, is no whit less hard: that so it is with courtiers. La Bruyère puts it thus: "La cour est comme un édifice bâti de marbre; je veux dire qu'elle est composée d'hommes fort durs, mais fort polis." A different application had been made by Tasso. The harshness of his verses is reproached against him. He replies: "Son duri, e pur son belli i marmi." Mirabeau, coming back to courtiers, is as brief: "Hommes de marbre, hommes durs et polis!" Poor Mirabeau! unscrupulous in self-concerns, a statesman of unyielding honesty, in everything resistless — in what depths is there solved the problem of thy life! An episode of Romilly's helps to tell. In 1788, Romilly visited the Bicêtre, and was disgusted with what he saw there. Meeting Mirabeau, he mentioned the impression made on him; and Mirabeau urged him to put his thoughts in writing, and give them to him. This Romilly did. Mirabeau translated the notes into French, published them as a pamphlet, "*Lettre d'un Voyageur Anglais sur la Prison de Bicêtre*," to which he affixed his name. On the other hand, Romilly afterwards printed his original letter as a translation from Mirabeau's French. Nor is it to be supposed

\* Cf. Tirocinium, l. 149: "The man approving what had charmed the boy."



that Romilly's act was worked out in forgetfulness. Forgetfulness may, however, sometimes have a place in similar events; for it is authentically stated that the criticism of a German paper appeared translated in the columns of a French paper, and was by the very paper originating the criticism referred to in evidence of the superior critical skill of the French. The subject was that requiem of Mozart which is marked, perhaps, — the work of Dumas et Cie. always excepted, — by the most striking series of frauds, and most wholesale appropriation of others' work, the history of plagiarism offers.

But it is the ladies, above all other parts of the human race, who have cause to be thankful for the labors of such as are deep in the lore pertaining to

those literary cooks  
Who skim the cream of others' books,  
And ruin half an author's graces,  
By plucking bon-mots from their places.

Thus, to the wise of the fair — the beautiful blues — it must be matter of warm self-gratulation to know that the vulgar criticism which concerns itself maliciously — not statistically, that is bearable — with the question of feminine *taille*, is based on repeated scandal, and is not the result of independent observation. Scaliger has the following passage: "Soccus humilis est. Italas mulieres altissimis usas vidimas, quamvis diminutivâ voce dicant socculos. Patris mei perfacetum dictum memini, ejusmodi uxorum dimidio tantum in lectis frui maritos, altero dimidio in soccis deposito." But the wit of Scaliger's father is no excuse for the bad taste which allows Charles Coyneau to apply the jest to his mother, and say of her that she wore her "patins si haut, qu'elle ne se déchaussait jamais sans perdre justement la moitié de son illustre personne." Garasse, in his "*Doctrine Curieuse*," illustrates some abstruse theological point by the same story, in the aspect given it by St. Vincent Ferrier. One of the aristocracy, marrying by proxy, had only seen his wife in portrait, and there saw represented to all appearance a lady of presence and fine figure. "Il se trouva bien trompé lors qu'il la vid dans sa chambre sans patins, car elle avoit diminué et descreu de la moytié, ce qui l'effraya si fort, que s'adressant à elle il luy tint ce discours à demy en cholere. Ubi posuisti reliquum personæ tuæ?" Every one knowing anything of the "*Mémoires de M. de Brantôme*" will not be surprised to find that author bringing to

his mind (and to his reader's) a young lady whose experiences were sufficiently similar to enable him to point the lessons of a flowing robe. It is well the good abbé spoke to the women of his own country; for English beauties, at least those of half a century later, seem, in Cowley's experience, to have combined the disadvantages of high shoes and long gowns. "Is anything more common," asks that philosophizing poet, "than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page or two to hold it up?"

This, however, is not the only instance in which baselessly a

Thought hangs like a cold and slimy snail  
On the rich rose of love —

to borrow an expression from Alexander Smith, borrowed by him from Keats: —

Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold  
snails  
Will slime the rose to-night.

The philosopher, too, "i' the melancholy corners of his mouth" — to borrow another expression from Alexander Smith, borrowed from another expression of Keats, "by the melancholy corners of that mouth" — has found lurking complaints. Why terms of reproach should have been heaped on poor Hobbes because he held "no law can be unjust," and not on Pascal, who expresses the same thought more unfolded, — "La justice est ce qui est établi; et ainsi toutes nos lois établies seront nécessairement tenues pour justes sans être examinées, puisqu'elles sont établies" — is difficult to tell. Why — but the subject is dry, and we pass to another.

There is, then, always something interesting, as well as instructive, in the knowledge of the means chosen by an author for dressing up his materials. Sismondi seems in one instance to have been let into the secret. Meeting an Italian barber who eked out his income by disposing of sermons to monks too ignorant to compose them, Sismondi discovered that his new friend had an ear sensitive to rhythmical movement, and had acquired facility in constructing a sufficient number of periods, in which sense alone was wanting. Understanding French slightly, and *bibliophile* enough to dive into all old books he came across, he was accustomed, in order to compose the sermons he sold,

to add together the rhetorical flashes of such Christian authors as his researches brought to him; while, to guard against any imputation of plagiarism, it was invariably by the middle of a phrase that he commenced his excursions into these foreign fragments, and in the middle of a phrase he as invariably terminated them. "He consulted me," says Sismondi, "on one of these sermons, without first divulging his secret. And I was not a little astonished," adds that excellent historian, "at these bombastic periods, whose ends

John xiii. 21-30. — Announcement of the treachery of Judas: his departure from the supper-room. — *Dean Alford.*

Now, seeing that our Lord did not depart at all, the words are, as the dean says, at least startling. But how did they arise? The suggestion is, that the doctor caused the dean's comments to be read aloud to him, paraphrasing, in the mean while, as it suited him; that, in this process, "treachery of Judas" became "Judas's treachery." The "his," then outstanding, had to be definitized, and was wrongly transformed into "our Lord's;" and "the supper," read as "this upper," the sensitive scholarship of the doctor transmuted to "that upper."

The sacrifice to truth this mode of procedure — the use of an author not understood — occasionally involves, has the advantage of leading one to the originals. But where the matter is biographical, the general reader is often without the means of detecting error. The borrower, however, is for the most part a compassionate creature, and of this comparative helplessness is willing to take account. He resolves accordingly, by way of compensation for the errors in fact he introduces, to copy as correctly as he can the reflections and descriptions, and everything which gives life to fact. Some very amusing examples of this occur in private magazines we have before us; but the custom extends to works offered to the public as the fruits of honest industry. There is indeed, in some instances, the modification that the source applied to is available to all; and then, no doubt, the writer's expectation that every one will solve the riddle, "Here's eloquence, where did I get it?" not only does away with everything like fraud, but entitles the copyist to the gratitude of amused society. One is disposed, therefore, to think the comments of a Saturday Reviewer on one of the contributors to "Worthies of the World," lately edited by Dr. Dulck-

never corresponded with the beginnings, and whose several members had never been constructed to go together." A process not very dissimilar in results seems to have been followed by Dr. Blomfield. At least Dean Alford has thought it worth while to point out that there is a passage in the original work of his own Greek Testament to which a passage in an advanced edition of the doctor's Greek Testament bears a remarkable resemblance, but from which in manner yet more remarkable it differs: —

John xiii. 21-30 — Announcement of Judas's treachery: our Lord's departure from that upper room. — *Dr. Blomfield.*

en, a little severe and unimaginative. "He goes" — these are the reviewer's words — "beyond blunders, and is guilty of the most shameless literary larceny." And he bases this accusation on passages in one S. I. A.'s sketch of Pitt, compared with "passages in Macaulay, on which the robbery has been committed." But there is really no particular reason why this instance should be singled out, when but a little later a single day put before readers (through different magazines) complaints by Mr. Hartshorne that Mr. Downs, in his "Records of Buckinghamshire," had improperly availed himself of "Notes on an Effigy, attributed to Rich. Wellesborne de Montford, and other Sepulchral Memorials in Hughenden Church," published some while before in the *Archæological Journal*; showed Mr. Hogg writing threatening letters, seemingly — we know not if with justice — provoked by the "De Quincey" of a present distinguished scholar and professor; and found a journalist holding up Mr. Griffin Vyse's "Egypt" as "a specimen of really scientific plagiarism," and saying that "it is necessary, in the interests of literary morality, to protest against such attempts to foist on the public mere worthless compilation as original work." Truly, as an old writer well phrased it in his day, there are "many modern bunglers, which are rather *exscriptores* than *scriptores*; and, as it was merrily said, bad springs of water, but good leaden spouts."

Unfortunately there is no need to burrow among the obscure. There are too many of weight to whom one may have recourse. Who can tell what is the exact title of Benjamin Franklin to the translation of "*De Senectute*" done by Logan; or to the counsel against intemperance copied out of the works of Jeremy Taylor;

or to the fable against persecution translated at second hand from the Hakacet in the Boostan? And does not the same sort of difficulty attach to the connection of Schultz, not Porson, with readings in Æschylus; of Bombet-Bayle with Carpani's "Letters on Haydn;" of Rougemont with "*Raphael d'Aguilar*;" of Descartes with many "new" propositions found in our own Harriot; of David Pareüs with the "*Medulla historia profana*;" of Molière with "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," acted in substance two years before by the Italian comedians; or of John André with the additions to Durant's "*Speculum*," that already seemed contained in Oldrade's "*Consilia*?" Is not much of John Corey's "Generous Enemies" from Sir William Lower's "Noble Ingratitude," itself adapted from the French; of Thomas Durfey's "Commonwealth of Women" from Fletcher's "Sea Voyage" — of his "Trick for Trick" from the "Monsieur Thomas" of the same author and his colleague Beaumont — of his "Sir Barnaby Whigg" from Shakerley Marmion's "Fine Companion" and the novel "Double Cuckold;" and of Thomas Shadwell's "Royal Shepherdess" from J. Fountain's "Reward of Virtue?" "The Country Innocence; or, the Chambermaid turn'd Quaker," a play acted and printed in the year 1677, was first published by its genuine author, Anthony Brewer, many years before. Of modern playwrights we fear to speak. According to the *Edinburgh Review*, George Dalgarno's "*Ars Signorum*" was copied by Wilkins in his "Essay towards a Philosophical Language." Pierre Breslay published in 1574 "*L'Anthologie, ou Recueil de plusieurs discours notables*;" next year ("C'était un peu prompt," naively adds one of M. Querard's supplementers) Jean des Caures followed him word for word in his "*Œuvres Morales*," levying like contributions on Grevin, Coras, and other authors of the day. Zschokke's "Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Man," translated into French in three volumes in 1813, appeared without acknowledgment of source in the "*Revue de Paris*" in 1847. Paul Ferry had not long printed "Isabelle" in his first poetical works, before De la Croix transferred it to his "Climene." On the misdoings of Moore, Pope, Mason, Gray, and several others, entire books or lengthy papers have been written. Lord Francis Gower was the subject of unwelcome criticism in the *Athenæum*; and of a sometime Lord Wm. Pitt Lennox, *Punch* sagaciously di-

vined that his favorite authors were Steele and Borrow. Rogers's "Human Life" is more than based on Gay's "Birth of the Squire," a piece confessedly in imitation of the "Pollio" of Virgil. Longfellow has so accurately translated the Anglo-Saxon metrical fragment "The Grave," that his version agrees almost verbally with the Rev. J. J. Conybeare's; and Mr. Bohn objects because Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has alleged that his "English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases" are collected "from the most authentic sources." In this list the classes of literature affected and the ages stained — and the list presents but a hardly appreciable fraction of that which a full list would embrace — are various and far apart enough; yet it does not justify the rhymes: —

The trade of knowledge is replete,  
As others are, with fraud and cheat;  
Such cheats as scholars put upon  
Other men's reason, and their own;  
A sort of drapery, to ensconce  
Absurdity and ignorance;

but it does go far to justify Horace Smith's definition of originality as "undiscovered or unconscious imitation." "Ah, how often," said the books to the clergy of the day of the author of "Philobiblion," "do you pretend that we who are old are but just born, and attempt to call us sons who are fathers, and to call that which brought you into clerical existence the fabric of your own studies? In truth, we who now pretend to be Romans, are evidently sprung from the Athenians: for Carmentis was ever a pillager of Cadmus; and we who are just born in England shall be born again to-morrow in Paris, and being thence carried on to Bononia, shall be allotted an Italian origin, unsupported by any consanguinity."

When Fadlallah, prince of Mousel, was tricked by the dervish who had the power of reanimating a dead body and flinging his own soul into it, so that the soul of the dervish occupied the body and the dervish himself gained the throne of the unhappy Fadlallah, while the late prince tenanted the body of a nightingale, the affections of Queen Zemroude were centred in the bird, though she paid to the dervish the honor due to her royal lord. In the same manner, there have been those who, entombing the thoughts of the truly great in their unfit names, have attracted to their persons the honor that seemed naturally to accompany the admiration of the thoughts supposed to be their own. But the ultimate fate of the

dervish should have been remembered; for just as circumstance had no sooner transplanted Fadlallah's soul to his original body, and thrown the dervish's into the nightingale's, than Fadlallah twisted the neck of the nightingale, so, immediately upon the discovery of the imposture, the impostor's name is tarnished and left to point a moral down through posterity. This has been the case with Peter Alcyonius. Cicero's "*De Gloria*," referred to in one of the letters to Atticus, was known to have been in existence in the fourteenth century, for Petrarch had seen it. By bequest it came into the possession of a house of monks, who held it early in the sixteenth century. Now, in the sixteenth century, Peter (he died 1527) produced a treatise, "*De Exsilio*," which attracted immediate attention on account of the extraordinary outbursts of eloquence, sustained sometimes for a page or two, and strikingly in contrast with the general dullness of the book. It was then remembered that Peter, and he alone, had had free access to the monastic library; it was found that the precious manuscript was no longer in its place; and it was eventually proved, that to satisfy his thirst for fame, this miserable man, having stolen what pleased his fastidious taste, had burnt the priceless book, whose worth he had sought to make a trumpet to his fame.

The Bishop of Ugento, Augustin Barbosa, presents a much more imitable example to book-sinners. The good bishop's cook had brought home a fish wrapped in a leaf of Latin MS. Something in it aroused the prelate's attention: he greedily attacked the leaf; ran into the market, and peered from stall to stall till he found the book of which he had the fragment. He presently published, "to the greater glory of God," his "*De Officio Episcoporum*." The work is better known, when in a little less bulky state, as "*De*

*Officiis*." But then, as Martial argumentatively puts it:—

Carmina Paulus emit, recitat sua carmina  
Paulus,  
Nam quod emit, possit dicere quisque suum.

One of the freaks most difficult of prediction that arises from the use of thoughts common to one's self and an earlier writer, is instanced in the life and the continuation of the life of Dr. John Haywardes. Elizabeth, the sovereign under whom he lived, was not a little displeased with a treatise written on the dethronement of Richard II. and the transfer of the crown to Henry IV. The doctor was sent to the Tower, and there was talk of bringing him to the scaffold. In this state of things the queen consulted her chancellor as to whether or not the publication contained treason. "No, not treason," was the answer of Lord Bacon, a friend of the author, and a student of the humors of his royal mistress, "but a good deal of felony." "Felony! how so?" "Because he hath stolen most of his expressions and conceits from Cornelius Tacitus." And the queen relented.

With Bacon himself, similarities have led to results in a quite different direction. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, which so affected the wits of Lord Verulam's namesake, the poor Miss Delia Bacon, and has been thought worthy of being pushed by men so gifted as Judge Holmes and Lord Palmerston, seeks countenance, among other things—perfectly regardless of the assertion of Meres in "*Wit's Treasury*," that "they that have once tasted poetrie cannot away with the studie of philosophie"—from the remarkable number of parallelisms the writings of the great dramatist and of the great philosopher offer. A single example is inadequate to put such a momentous issue to the test, but the one given is fairly selected:—

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries.—*Julius Caesar*.

I set down the character and reputation, the rather because they have certain tides and seasons, which, if they be not taken in due time, are difficult to recover, it being hard to restore the falling reputation.—*Advancement of Learning*.

The sentiment is surely common to a host of writers. But this is not always a sufficient answer. It is not when there are a number of unrelated passages brought together in one, and afterwards in another work. Thus, Voltaire's "*La Pucelle*" has here and there throughout,

sets of lines closely translated from "*Hudibras*." The subject matter of some of them does not allow their reproduction; but if the two pieces are perused, it will be out of question shown that authors of power and repute are sometimes at the trouble of appropriating what, at any

rate out of its context, is of little merit. Here are unobjectionable passages, less closely like than others, yet not unlike:—

And as an owl, that in a barn  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch, etc.  
*Hudibras.*

Ainsi qu'un chat qui, d'un regard avide  
Guette au passage une souris timide,  
Marchant tous doux, la terre ne sent pas  
L'impression de ces pied délicats,  
Dès qu'il l'a vue, il a sauté sur elle, etc.  
*La Pucelle.*

Still Voltaire has ever been allowed to be among those "good pilferers" to whom Lord Byron, confessing his indebtedness to Scott and other writers—even his beautiful address to the ocean is based on a chapter in "Corinne"—desired to be commended; for "you may laugh at it as a paradox," said he, "but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves."

There are three points disregarded by writers on this subject, in which literature comes in contact with this aspect of the character of its creators. In the first place, it is an element distinctly requiring recognition in forming opinions of our institutions, as well as in seeking to trace the history of these and of the people. Thus, Dr. Carl Güterbock has supplied ample materials for showing that Bracton has influenced, has indeed given an altered complexion to our law, by perfectly unauthorized, in many places quite inappropriate, introductions from the Roman law. Not only is the substance, but the arrangement and phraseology are borrowed; so that it is not to be disguised that this lawyer, favored by circumstances which allowed his method of writing "English" law to pass at the time undetected, has imposed a system upon us, which in great part was not ours. The first two books of Littleton's "Tenures" are, on the other hand, from Norman sources; while again, in Scottish law, its most ancient treatise, the "*Regiam Majestatem*," is plainly copied from English Glanvill. Now, when we remember how the body of law under which we are to-day has been developed out of that of our ancestors; or how, with results of yet greater moment, the parts unsuited to later times, which would not admit of logical development, or of development in any sense, but required breaking down to fit them to the needs of society that will not yield, have issued in some of those great upheaving movements that mark the eras of a nation's history,—we can but consider that this borrowing is not as insignificant as most affect to think. And to carry this remark from institutions to

the chroniclers of them, the intelligent industry of living historians has alone made unnecessary. But, in the second place, unacknowledged copying bears on literature through the history of that in which it finds expression—language. Euphuism is an element whose importance, except at the hands of Professor Morley and Professor Arber, has probably been underestimated. It is not, indeed, due or confined to Lyly; but he is its chief exponent, and the work is frequently quoted in illustration of the Elizabethan speech. It is worthy of notice, then, that many phrases, and some passages, are from "A petite Pallace of Pettie his pleasure,"—an agreeable collection of Italian stories, several of which—as, for example, the first, "Sinnorix and Camma"—have in other forms been represented on our stage within the last ten years. Not merely, however, our own literature, but, in the third place, the dead languages derive light from observation of parallelisms. The passages in the "*Satyricon*," that have resemblance to expressions of Martial and Statius, tend to show the relative dates of those writers and of Petronius Arbiter.

Notwithstanding, however, that there are these great fields in which this pleasant study might be almost without limit pursued; that there remains almost untouched the drama, old and modern—the modern drama might commence with "The Heiress of General Burgoyne," in which is seen, since the plot is from Diderot, the characters from Mrs. Lennox, some of the sentiments from Rousseau, a variety of forms of adaptation—and that there are still uninstanced such examples of literary fraud as that of Dr. Pierrotti, who appended his name to sketches of ruins and buildings, in which the same persons in the same positions were represented as appeared in published work of earlier draughtsmen; notwithstanding these facts, and an attempt to have consciousness of what they import, the impression a candid study of literature, and particularly of English literature, will leave upon the student's mind,



there can be no difficulty in asserting. For all Pope Ganganelli's dogma, it is not that much is borrowed, but that there is a stupendous, uninterrupted expenditure of genuine, original, self-outwrought thought. It is as Pascal—who, though he borrowed right and left, has still a title to be heard—says with pith: "A mesure qu'on a plus d'esprit, on trouve qu'il y a plus d'hommes originaux. Les gens du commun ne trouvent pas de différence entre les hommes."

It is, indeed, unquestionably true, that "faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyment, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted." And Sheridan—for he it is who has it so—is illustrated in an interesting case found in the poems of Isaac Hawkins Browne. In the pastoral soliloquy entitled "The Fireside," the poet evidently thinks, as he makes, the notion of these lines his:—

I have said it at home, I have said it abroad,  
That the town is man's world, but that this is  
of God.

Cowley, who died forty years before Browne was born, has in his "Garden" this line—

God the first garden made, the first city Cain,  
supposed, rather fancifully,—and though Cowper (but this, so far as we know, has not been before noted) wrote seven years after the publication of "The Fireside,"—to be the origin of the thought, standing out quite distinctly towards the close of "The Sofa,"—

God made the country, and man made the town.

The idea, wherever got, is, after all, nothing more than that Varro in "*De Re Rustica*" expresses thus: "Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes." Curiously enough, it is in this, its original form, that at least in Quebec—if we are to trust to the unsuspecting Montreal *Daily Star*, April 15,

As when a storm in vernal skies  
The face of day doth stain,  
And o'er the smiling landscape flies  
With mist and drizzling rain;  
If chance the sun look through the shower  
O'er hill and flowery dale,  
Reviving nature owns his power,  
And softly sighs the gale.

MR. KEIGHTLEY.

1882—it has become a "gem of thought:" "Divine Providence made the country, but human art the town." As to Hawkins Browne, however, there is evidence that he was not a believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, or one might have suspected that he conceived himself to have "said at home" in the person of Cowley, and "abroad" in that of Varro.

But we cannot yet leave either Browne or Cowper. Not Browne, because, in his poem on "Design and Beauty," he has a passage demonstrating how authors may have present to their minds the same constituent ideas, and yet arrive at an opposite result—a point which strongly argues the likelihood of like sets of thoughts, and of course with the issue of a like result. The passage is this:—

In sound, 'tis Harmony that charms the ear,  
Yet discords intermingled here and there,  
Still make the sweet similitude appear;  
and is to be compared with the

Discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay  
of Spenser, and the

For discords make the sweetest airs,  
And curses are a kind of prayers,

of Butler. Nor can we quite part from Cowper, for there are in "The Task" a couple of lines,—

There is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only poets know,—

cited by Mr. Keightley as having resemblance to these from Dryden's "Spanish Friar:—"

There is a pleasure sure in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know,

that remind us that that gentleman gives from his own experience an instance of unconscious likeness, perfectly credible, possibly not even capping all else in the region of credibility. He was, he tells us, at a time very familiar with Milton; but it was only some while after writing the lines placed below to the left of our page, that he was "struck with the similarity" to those on the right:—

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'er-  
spread  
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or  
shower,  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

MILTON: *Par. Lost*, Bk. ii.

Perhaps, these few instances in view, one cannot better conclude than by transcribing the terms in which La Fontaine, avowing that he was no slavish imitator of Virgil, proposed to find a rule for practice. It is in essential harmony with that laid down at the commencement of this paper:—

Je ne prends que l'idée, et les tours et les lois  
Que nos maîtres suivaient eux-mêmes autre-  
fois.

Si d'ailleurs quelque endroit plein chez eux  
d'excellence

Peut entrer dans mes vers sans nulle violence,  
Je l'y transporte, et veux qu'il n'ait rien  
d'affecté,

Tâchant de rendre mien cet air d'antiquité.

From The Spectator.

#### THE UNPOPULARITY OF CLOUGH.

THE appearance of Mr. Waddington's admiring and sympathetic "monograph" on Clough,\*—why call, by the way, a publication of this kind a monograph, which properly means a study of something artificially separated from its natural context?—affords us a good opportunity of asking why Clough is not better known than he is in modern English literature; why his fame is not greater, and his often magnificent verse more familiar to modern ears. In Mr. Haweis's hasty and scrappy book on the "American Humorists," Mr. Haweis scoffs parenthetically at the present American minister's "curious notion that Clough was, after all, the great poet of the age" ("American Humorists," p. 83); and even one of Clough's most intimate friends, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, has lent some sort of authority to Mr. Haweis's scoff, by the remark,—"to us as amazing as it appears to some good critics candid,—that "one feels a doubt whether in verse, he [Clough] chose the right vehicle, the truly natural mode of utterance." We can only say, in reply, that Clough seems to us never to touch verse without finding strength, never to attempt to speak in prose without losing it, and becoming half-articulate. But there clearly must be some reason or quasi-reason in a view which a whole generation of lovers of poetry have not disproved, but to some extent verified, by the relative neglect in which, during a

time when verse has secured an immense amount of attention, Clough's touching and often stirring and elevating poetry has been left. Mr. Waddington, we are sorry to see, does not address himself to this question, and throws but little light on it. And with all his genuine appreciation of Clough, his study is wanting in the strong outlines and massiveness of effect which might have done something to secure for Clough the public esteem which he will certainly one day secure. Mr. Waddington is too discursive, and does not bring the great feature of his subject into sufficiently strong relief. His essay might increase the vogue of a public favorite, but will hardly win popularity for one who has never yet emerged from the comparative obscurity of a singer delightful to the few, though his name even is hardly recognized by the many.

For our own parts, though we should not assert that Clough is the great poet of our age, we should agree heartily with Mr. Lowell that he will in future generations rank among the highest of our time, and that especially he will be ranked with Matthew Arnold, as having found a voice for this self-questioning age,—a voice of greater range and richness even, and of a deeper pathos, though of less exquisite sweetness and "lucidity" of utterance, than Matthew Arnold's own,—a voice that oftener breaks, perhaps, in the effort to express what is beyond it, but one also that attempts, and often achieves, still deeper and more heart-stirring strains. Clough had not Mr. Arnold's happy art of interweaving delicate fancies with thoughts and emotions. Poems like "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," like "Tristram and Iseult," "The Sick King of Bokhara," and the stanzas on "The Author of 'Obermann,'" were out of his reach. And no doubt it is precisely poems of this kind, into which, across the bright web of rich and stimulating fancy, Mr. Arnold has woven lines of exquisitely-drawn and thoroughly modern thought and feeling, that have gained for Mr. Arnold his increasing, though not as yet, overwhelming, popularity. Clough had nothing of this fanciful art. He was realist to the bottom of his soul, and yet, though realist, he looked at all the questions of the day from the thinker's point of view, and not from the people's point of view. He did not frame his pictures, as his friend does, in golden margins of felicitous fancy. He left them almost without a frame, or, at any rate, with no

\* *Arthur Hugh Clough: a Monograph.* By Samuel Waddington. London: George Bell and Sons.

other frame than that furnished by the plain outline of his story. This might have but increased his popularity, had Clough's subjects been like Burns's subjects, the common joys and sorrows of the human heart. But it was not so. His subjects, for the most part, have a semi-scholastic ring, but do not embody those elaborate, artistic effects which soften a scholastic ring to the ear of the people. He was a self-questioner, who did not cast over his questionings that spirit of imaginative illusion which, in Mr. Arnold's poetry, sometimes makes even self-questionings sound like the music of a distant and brighter sphere. Clough's poetry is full of direct, home-thrusting questioning — concerning character in the making, faith in the making, love in the making; and powerful as it is, this analytic poetry no doubt needs more than any kind of poetry, for its immediate popularity, the glamor which Mr. Arnold's artistic framing throws round it.

Nor is this the only difference. The charm of Clough's humor, the strength of his delineation is so great that, if the only difference between him and Matthew Arnold were the difference between a plain and an attractive setting, that advantage of Mr. Arnold's might, we think, have been counterbalanced by the deeper pathos of Clough's pictures, and the stronger lines in which he draws. But there is another difference. Matthew Arnold, negative as the outcome of his thought too frequently is, never leaves you in any kind of doubt as to what he means. His lines are always sharply chiselled. He is dogmatic even in his denials of dogma. Lucid and confident to the last degree, he never leaves the mind without a very sharply marked impression of a clear thought. And even where that thought is not popular, — even where it is the reverse of popular, — such sharp, distinct lines, gracefully graven, are likely to gain more readers and admirers, than lines of freer sweep, but more uncertain drift. Compare, for instance, some of Mr. Arnold's finest lines on the dearth of true revealing poets, with some of Mr. Clough's finest on the same subject. Mr. Arnold, after bewailing the loss of Goethe and Wordsworth, turns to the hermit of the Alps, M. de Sénanacour (his "Obermann"), and addresses him thus: —

And then we turn, thou sadder sage,  
To thee! we feel thy spell!  
— The hopeless tangle of our age,  
Thou too hast scann'd it well!

Immovable thou sittest, still  
As death, composed to bear!  
Thy head is clear, thy feeling chill,  
And icy thy despair.

Yes, as the son of Thetis said,  
One hears thee there saying now:  
*Greater by far than thou are dead;*  
*Strive not! die also thou!*

Ah! two desires toss about  
The poet's feverish blood;  
One drives him to the world without,  
And one to solitude.

*The glow, he cries, the thrill of life,  
Where, where do these abound? —*  
Not in the world, not in the strife  
Of men, shall they be found.

He who hath watch'd, not shared, the strife,  
Knows how the day hath gone.  
He only lives with the world's life,  
Who hath renounced his own.

Now hear Clough, on the same subject: —

Come, Poet, come!  
A thousand laborers ply their task,  
And what it tends to, scarcely ask,  
And trembling thinkers on the brink  
Shiver, and know not how to think.  
To tell the purport of their pain,  
And what our silly joys contain;  
In lasting lineaments portray  
The substance of the shadowy day;  
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,  
And make our meaning clear in verse:  
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain  
We do the work or feel the pain,  
And gather up the seeming gain,  
Unless before the end thou come  
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!  
To give an utterance to the dumb,  
And make vain babblers silent, come;  
A thousand dupes point here and there,  
Bewildered by the show and glare;  
And wise men half have learned to doubt  
Whether we are not best without.  
Come, Poet; both but wait to see  
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!  
In vain I seem to call. And yet  
Think not the living times forget,  
Ages of heroes fought and fell  
That Homer in the end might tell  
O'er grovelling generations past  
Upstood the Doric fane at last;  
And countless hearts on countless years  
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,  
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,  
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome  
The pure perfection of her dome.  
Others, I doubt not, if not we,  
The issue of our toils shall see;  
Young children gather as their own

The harvest that the dead had sown,  
The dead forgotten and unknown.

One feels the difference at once between the picture of the lucid insight of solitary renunciation, and the ardent invocation addressed to a new teacher of a dimly anticipated lesson. The one poet is distinct, the other vague, and though the more distinct teaching is the less hopeful, it sinks more easily into the reader's mind. Yet, for our parts, we find a richer music in the vague hope of Clough, than even in the sweet, sad despondency of Arnold.

Further, Clough not only sings finely of the immature stage of moral character, but of the immature stage of faith, and the immature stage of love. He studies both in the making, — admitting it to be a riddle how that making will end. Here, for instance, is a fine poem on faith in the making, which will be popular one day, as describing a stage which many will then have passed through, but which has not found its popularity yet : —

What we when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;  
Ah, did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for love to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here !

Rules baffle instincts — instincts rules,  
Wise men are bad — and good are fools ;  
Facts evil — wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance' sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say : It doth not yet appear,  
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive.

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are, together, here.

And here, once more, is a curiously subtle passage on love "in the making," which must wait, we suppose, for its popularity till the human heart understands itself better, and is franker with itself, but which will have its popularity then. It is from "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," the most buoyant and humorous poem of the higher kind produced in England during the present century. The enthusiast of the poem is descanting on the beauty which physical labor adds to the charm of women : —

Well, then, said Hewson, resuming ;  
Laugh if you please at my novel economy ;  
listen to this, though ;  
As for myself, and apart from economy wholly,  
believe me,  
Never I properly felt the relation between men  
and women,  
Though to the dancing-master I went perforce,  
for a quarter,  
Where, in dismal quadrille, where good-looking  
girls in abundance,  
Though, too, schoolgirl cousins were mine —  
a bevy of beauties —  
Never (of course you will laugh, but of course  
all the same I shall say it),  
Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings be-  
tween men and women,  
Till in some village fields in holidays now get-  
ting stupid,  
One day sauntering "long and listless," as  
Tennyson has it,  
Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hob-  
badiboyhood,  
Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bon-  
netless maiden,  
Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden  
uprooting potatoes.  
Was it the air ? who can say ? or herself, or the  
charm of her labor ?  
But a new thing was in me ; and longing deli-  
cious possessed me,  
Longing to take her and lift her, and put her  
away from her slaving.  
Was it embracing or aiding was most in my  
mind ? hard question !  
But a new thing was in me, I, too, was a youth  
among maidens :  
Was it the air ? who can say ? but in part 'twas  
the charm of the labor.  
Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets  
revealed themselves to me,  
And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand,  
often I wandered,  
Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling  
and toying and coying,  
Were not so strange as before, so incompre-  
hensible purely ;  
Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and  
evening parties,  
Shooting with bows, going shopping together,  
and hearing them singing,  
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves  
on the dreary piano,

Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces  
of escort,  
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air  
balloon-work  
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in  
a carriage),  
Utter removal from work, mother earth, and  
the objects of living.  
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to  
join you in snapping —  
What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto ro-  
mantic inside it?  
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a  
table of nosegays;  
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain  
of paper confections,  
Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and  
gathered,  
Better a cowslip with root than a prize carna-  
tion without it.  
That I allow, said Adam.  
But he, with the bit in  
his teeth, scarce  
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exult-  
ingly on with his rider,  
Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble,  
away in the champaign,  
Snorting defiance and force, the white foam  
flecking his flanks, the  
Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head pro-  
jecting before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy  
ones! oh, could they see, could  
But for a moment discern, how the blood of  
true gallantry kindles,  
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry  
semi-quixotic,  
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some  
delicate woman  
Serving him, toiling — for him, and the world;  
some tenderest girl, now  
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who  
shall, if only  
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly re-  
moved from her, mind you,  
Lightened, if but by the love, the devotion  
man only can offer,  
Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing  
statue of Hellas;  
Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's  
heart, as into Eden  
Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener  
of earth uncorrupted,  
Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing,  
an help meet for him,  
Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored  
to his spirit,  
Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever  
himself is,  
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to  
be with him;  
Oh if they saw it and knew it; we soon should  
see them abandon  
Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and  
ball-room,

Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for  
plain linsey-woolsey,  
Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lacka-  
daisical fancies!  
So, feel women, not dolls; so feel the sap of  
existence  
Circulate up through their roots from the far-  
away centre of all things,  
Circulate up from the depths to the bud on  
the twig that is topmost!  
Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted  
ourselves in the seeing,  
Bending with blue cotton gown skirted up over  
striped linsey-woolsey,  
Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel,  
watering cattle,  
Rachel, when at the well the predestined be-  
held and kissed her,  
Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of  
Alexis,  
Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arch-  
ing soft to the shoulders,  
Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to  
stay it,  
Home from the ryer or pump moving stately  
and calm to the laundry;  
Ay, doing household work, as many sweet  
girls I have looked at,  
Needful household work, which some one,  
after all, must do,  
Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cook-  
ing, and scouring,  
Or, if you please, with a fork in the garden  
uprooting potatoes.

That is not a picture of love, but a picture  
of the initial stages of love, and of that  
which often prevents love from ripening.  
Nor can such pictures be popular while  
the mind shrinks from looking in the face  
the poor beginnings of its own highest  
powers. One day, however, Clough will  
vindicate the justice of Mr. Lowell's judg-  
ment on him, though that day may not be  
yet. Arnold will, perhaps, grow to even  
greater popularity, before the growth of  
Clough's popularity begins. But begin it  
will, and wax, too, to a point as high, per-  
haps, as Arnold's ever will be, for  
Clough's rapture and exultation, when  
they reach their highest points, are be-  
yond the rapture and exultation of Ar-  
nold, though his music is less carefully  
modulated, and his pictures less exquisi-  
tely framed.

From The Queen.

## THE VICE OF PROMISCUOUS CHARITY.

THE evils fostered by the practices of  
street alms-giving and promiscuous charity



were prominently displayed at the late meeting of the Surrey Sessions, where Mr. Hardman and a full bench of magistrates had to dispose of no less than eight cases of professional street beggars, who were indicted as incorrigible rogues and vagabonds. The evidence in the first case showed that a man, whose age was only thirty-one, had been convicted no less than twenty-three times, so that a great part of his life since his childhood must have been passed in imprisonment. Another, who had moved in a respectable position, had taken to drink and followed beggary as the readiest means of procuring intoxicating liquors. The third, a violent ruffian, who had been previously convicted no less than nine times—who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and twenty-four strokes with a birch rod—received an intimation that on his next appearance at that court he would, if again convicted, be welcomed with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Another violent character, who had no less than twenty-three convictions recorded against him, was sentenced to a similar punishment; and one who was not violent, but had been convicted thirty times during his thirty-six years of life, was allotted a similar term of imprisonment without the corporal punishment. The remaining prisoners, a man and his wife, were sentenced to six months' hard labor. If the inquiry is made as to the cause of this state of things, and the source to which we may trace the foundation and perpetuation of professional beggary, there can be but one answer. The vice, with all its hideous accompaniments, is dependent on the mistaken charity of silly, sentimental people, men and women alike, who gratify their own unreasoning impulses by giving away money in the streets. To relieve a really necessitous person is an action which gratifies certain moral instincts which are inherent in every human being; it gives a sense of personal satisfaction; there is a feeling in the breast of the donor that a good deed has been done, and a satisfactory self-complacency pervades the mind at having performed it. When such a desirable mental state can be procured at any time by the expenditure of a bronze coin or indulged in *in excelsis* for sixpence, it is not surprising that people whose moral sentiments are

stronger than their intellectual powers should pursue this pleasant mental recreation—the evil they do is altogether beyond their knowledge; they gratify their own feelings with the idea that they may have relieved distress, and indulge in much smug self-sufficiency in congratulating themselves on the good they have done. These promiscuous alms-givers would not hesitate to denounce the drunkard who, to gratify his desires, beggars himself and starves his wife and family, nor the idler, who prefers indolence and poverty to industry and competence. But they do not refrain from doing evil for the gratification of their own feelings, and this under the false pretence that they are doing good. All persons who have taken the trouble to make the slightest inquiry into the subject know that the necessitous poor never beg; that the whole of the beggars of the metropolis and tramps of the country districts belong to a distinct class—in great part an hereditary caste—which is supported by the maudlin sentimentality of those who encourage this vicious mode of life. By so doing they tend to perpetuate one of the most serious of the social evils which afflicts the nation. They foster and encourage the idle and dissolute class of vagrants who infest the country, and disseminate vice, disease, and moral as well as physical degradation amongst the population. By these beggars servants are often tempted to become pilferers of their employers' property; and the knowledge and practice of petty vice and practical dishonesty is carried into places where they were formerly unknown. If persons wish to gratify their charitable feelings, and they are really desirous of doing good and not evil, let them seek out the deserving poor; there is no lack of them to be found when sought. Or, should they be too much occupied with town life, and live too remote from the dwellings of the humbler classes, they can give their alms to the poor-boxes of the police magistrates, in the full confidence that they will be bestowed only on the most worthy objects. But let them abstain from pleasing themselves by giving money to sturdy beggars in the streets, which demoralizing practice is none the less injurious from being performed with the idea of doing good.